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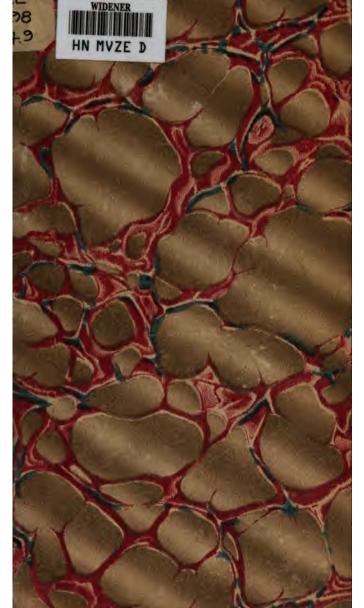
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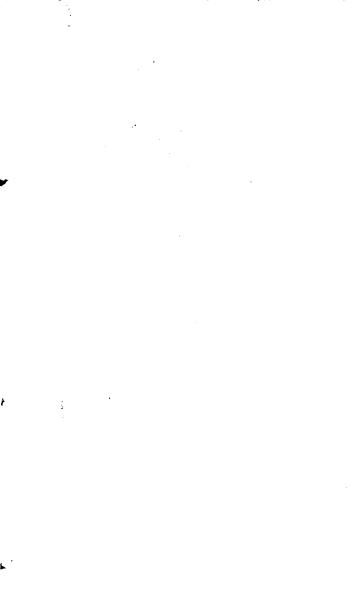


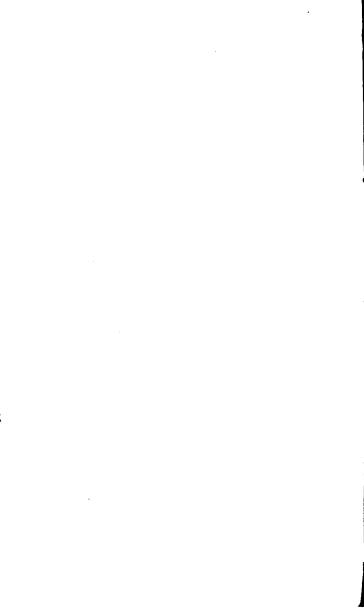
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CLASS OF 1882

OF NEW YORK

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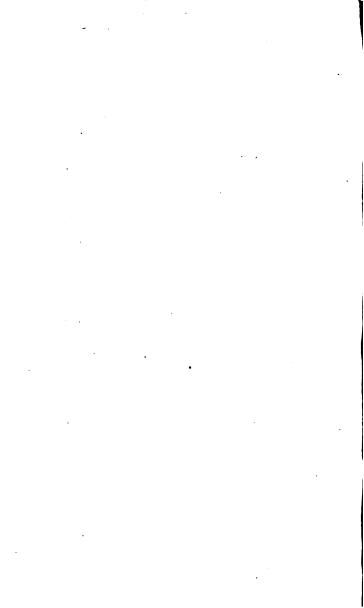
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PREFACE.

THE flattering reception with which the first number of "The Excelsior Series" was received, has induced the publishers to issue the second number earlier than was at first anticipated.

The compiler proffers his sincere thanks to the many contributors who have made the first number a decided success.



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EXCELSIOR

RECITATIONS AND READINGS.

NUMBER TWO.

MR. FISHER'S BEREAVEMENT.

The wife of my neighbor, Mr. Archibald N. Fisher, was attacked some years ago by a very dangerous malady, from which there was from the first very little hopes of her recovery. And one day, when Mr. Fisher came home, they communicated to him the sad intelligence that she was no more. When the first outbreak of grief had subsided, he sent an order to the undertaker for a coffin; he tied crape to the door-knob, he sent his hat around to the store to have it draped in black, he advertised the death in the papers with some poetry attached to the announcement, and he made general preparation for the funeral. Then he sat down in the parlor with his great sorrow, and his friends tried to comfort him.

"It's no use," he said; "I'll never get over it. There never was any woman like her, and there never will be again. I don't want to live without her. Now she's gone, I'm ready to go at any time. I'd welcome the grave. What's life to a man like me? It's a void—an empty void; that's what it is; and there is no more happiness in it for me."

"You must try to bear up," said Dr. Potts. "These afflictions are meant for our good. She is now an angel."

"I know! I know!" said Mr. Fisher, sobbing; "but there's no comfort in that. An angel is no use to me. Angels don't make your home happy. They don't sew on buttons and look after the children. I'd rather have a woman like Mrs. Fisher than the best of them."

"But," said Dr. Potts, "you must reflect how much happier she is now; remember that our loss is her gain."

"Well, I don't see it," replied Mr. Fisher. "She was happy enough here, bustling around, making things lively, quarreling with me sometimes, bless her dear heart, when I annoyed her, and scolding away all day long at the children and the hired girl, making music in the house. Who's she going to scold now, I'd like to know? How's she going to relieve her feelings when she gets mad? Flying around with wings on behind her shoulder blades. And what I say is, that if Henrietta had her choice, she'd rather be home here tending to things, even if every day in the week was a rainy washday. Now I know she would."

"You take a gloomy view of things," said Dr. Potts.

"After a while the skies will seem brighter to you."

"No, they won't," said Mr. Fisher. "They'll grow darker until there's a regular thunderstorm of grief. I can't live through it. It'll kill me. She was the best woman that ever lived."

"I'm sorry for you. I know it's an unspeakable loss."

"Doctor," he said, "in one respect I never saw her equal. I've known that dear woman to take an old pair of my trousers and cut them up for the boys. She'd make a splendid suit of clothes for both of them out of

those old trousers, get out stuff enough for a coat for the baby and a cap for Johnny, and have some left over for rag-carpet, besides making handkerchiefs out of the pockets, and a bustle for herself out of the other linings. Give her any old garment, and it was as good as a gold mine. She'd take a worn-out stocking, and make a brand new overcoat out of it, I believe. She had a turn for that kind of economy. There's one of my shirts that I bought in 1847 still going about making itself useful as window-curtains and pantalettes, and plenty of other things. Only last July our gridiron gave out, and she took it apart, and in two hours it was rigged on the side of the house as a splendid lightningrod, all except what she had made into a poker and an ice-pick. Ingenious? Why, she kept our family in buttons and whistles out of the ham-bones she saved. and she made fifteen chicken-coops from her old hoopshirts, and a pig-pen out of her used-up corset-bones. She never wasted a solitary thing. Let a cat die around the house, and the first thing you knew Mary Jane 'd have a new muff and set of furs, and I begin to have mincepies on the dinner-table. She'd stuff a feather-bed with the feathers that she got off one little bit of a rooster. I've seen her cook potato-parings so's you'd think they were canvas-back duck; and she had a way of doctoring up shavings so that the pig 'd eat 'em, and grow fat on 'em. I believe that woman could a built a four-story hotel, if you'd a given her a single pine-board; or a steamboat out of a wash-boiler; and the very last thing she said to me was to bury her in the garden, so's she'd be useful down below there, helping to shove up the cabbages. She was an angel. I'll never see her like again."-Max Adeler.

THE SOFT GUITAR.

A Dramatic Fragment.

Scene: Moonlight. Beneath the lady's window appeareth the lover, and singeth, with guitar accompaniment.

LOVER.

Open thy lattice, O lady bright! The earth lies calm in the fair moonlight; Gaze on the glint of each glancing star, And list to the notes of my soft guitar.

At the lady's window a vision shone—
'Twas the lady's head with a night-cap on.

Lover.

(In ecstasy.)

See! at the casement appearing now,
With lily fingers she hides her brow.
Oh, weep not—though bitter thy sorrows are,
I will soothe them to rest with my soft guitar.
Then the lady answered, "Who's going to weep?

Then the lady answered, "Who's going to weep? Go 'way with your fiddle, and let me sleep."

LOVER.

(Saddened, but still hopeful.)

Then sleep, dear lady: thy fringed lids close, Pinions of cherubim fan thy repose, While through thy casement, slightly ajar, Steal the sweet notes of my soft guitar.

Then the lady her "secret pain" confessed With the plaintive murmur, "Oh, give us a rest!"

LOVER.

(Slightly discouraged.)

Chide me not harshly, O lady fair!
Bend from thy lattice, and hear my prayer.
Sighing for thee, I wander afar,
Mournfully touching my soft guitar.

And the lady answered: "You stupid thing, If you've got the catarrh, stop trying to sing!"

LOVER.

(Filled with natural and righteous indignation.)
Cruel but fair one, thy scorn restrain!
Better death's quiet than thy disdain.
I go to fall in some distant war,
Bearing in battle my loved guitar.
Answered the lady: "Well, hurry and go!
I'm holding the slop-basin ready to throw."

LOVER.

(Making immediate preparations to depart.)
False one, I leave thee! When I'm at rest
Still shall my memory haunt thy breast;
A spectral vision thy joy shall mar—
A skeleton playing a soft guitar!
And the lady cried, in a scornful tone,
"Old skeleton, go it—and play it alone!"

Then the lover in agony roamed afar—
Fell drunk in the gutter, and smashed his guitar.

P. F. Bowne.

OVER THE HILL FROM THE POOR-HOUSE.

I, who was always counted, they say,
Rather a bad stick any way,
Splintered all over with dodges and tricks,
Known as "the worst of the Deacon's six;"
I, the truant, saucy and bold,
The one black sheep in my father's fold,
"Once on a time," as the stories say,
Went over the hill on a winter's day—
Over the hill to the poor-hous.

Tom could save what twenty could earn; But givin' was somethin' he ne'er would learn. Isaac could half o' the Scriptur's speak— Committed a hundred verses a week; Never forgot, an' never slipped—
But "Honor thy father and mother" he skipped;
So over the hill to the poor-house!

As for Susan, her heart was kind An' good-what there was of it, mind; Nothin' too big, an' nothin' too nice, Nothin' she wouldn't sacrifice For one she loved; an' that 'ere one Was herself, when all was said an' done: An' Charley an' Becca meant well, no doubt, But any one could pull 'em about; An' all o' our folks ranked well, you see, Save one poor fellow, and that was me; An' when, one dark an' rainy night, A neighbor's horse went out o' sight, They hitched on me, as the guilty chap That carried one end o' the halter-strap. An' I think myself, that view of the case Wash't altogether out o' place. My mother denied it, as mothers do, But I am inclined to believe 'twas true: Though for me one thing might be said-That I, as well as the horse, was led; And the worst of whiskey spurred me on, Or else the deed would have never been done. But the keenest grief I ever felt Was when my mother beside me knelt, An' cried, an' prayed, till I melted down, As I wouldn't for half the horses in town. I kissed her fondly, then an' there, And swore henceforth to be honest and square.

I served my sentence—a bitter pill Some fellows should take who never will; And then I decided to go "out West," Concludin' 'twould suit my health the best; Where, how I prospered, I never could tell, But Fortune seemed to like me well; An' somehow every vein I struck
Was always bubbling over with luck.
An', better than that, I was steady an' true,
An' put my good resolutions through.
But I wrote to a trusty old neighbor an' said,
"You tell 'em, old fellow, that I am dead,
An' died a Christian; 'twill please 'em more,
Than if I had lived the same as before."

But when this neighbor he wrote to me, "Your mother's in the poor-house," says he, I had a resurrection straightway, An' started for her that very day. And when I arrived where I was grown, I took good care that I shouldn't be known; But I bought the old cottage, through and through, Of some one Charley had sold it to; And held back neither work nor gold To fix it up as it was of old. The same big fire-place, wide and high, Flung up its cinders toward the sky; The old clock ticked on the corner shelf-I wound it an' set it agoin' myself; An' if everything wasn't just the same, Neither I nor money was to blame; Then-over the hill to the poor-house!

One blowin', blusterin' winter's day,
With a team an' cutter I started away;
My fiery nags was as black as coal
(They some'at resembled the horse I stole);
I hitched, an' entered the poor-house door—
A poor old woman was scrubbin' the floor;
She rose to her feet in great surprise,
And looked, quite startled, into my eyes;
I saw the whole of her trouble's trace
In the lines that marred her dear old face;

"Mother!" I shouted, "your sorrow is done! You're adopted along o' your horse-thief son, Come over the hill from the poor-house!"

She didn't faint; she knelt by my side, An' thanked the Lord, till I fairly cried. An' maybe our ride wasn't pleasant and gay, An' maybe she wasn't wrapped up that day; An' maybe our cottage wasn't warm an' bright, An' maybe it wasn't a pleasant sight, To see her a-gettin' the evenin's tea, An' frequently stoppin' an' kissin' me; An' maybe we didn't live happy for years, In spite of my brothers' and sisters' sneers, Who often said, as I have heard, That they wouldn't own a prison-bird (Though they're gettin' over that, I guess, For all of 'em owe me more or less); But I've learned one thing; an' it cheers a man In always a-doin' the best he can; That whether on the big book, a blot Gets over a fellow's name or not. Whenever he does a deed that's white. It's credited to him fair and right. An' when you hear the great bugle's notes, An' the Lord divides his sheep and goats; However they may settle my case, Wherever they may fix my place, My good old Christian mother, you'll see, Will be sure to stand right up for me, With over the hill from the poor-house!

Will Carleton.

THE JINERS.

SHE was about forty-five years old, well dressed, had black hair, rather thin and tinged with gray, and eyes in which gleamed the fires of a determination not easily balked. She walked into the Mayor's office and requested a private interview, and having obtained it, and satisfied herself that the law students were not listening at the keyhole, said slowly, solemnly, and impressively:

"I want a divorce."

"What for? I supposed you had one of the best of husbands," said the Mayor.

"I s'pose that's what everybody thinks; but if they knew what I've suffered in ten years, they'd wonder I hadn't scalded him long ago. I ought to, but for the sake of the young ones I've borne it and said nothing. I've told him, though, what he might depend on, and now the time's come; I won't stand it, young ones or no young ones. I'll have a divorce, and if the neighbors want to blab themselves hoarse about it they can, for I won't stand it another day."

"But what's the matter? Don't your husband provide for you? Don't he treat you kindly?" pursued the Mayor.

"We get victuals enough, and I don't know but he's as true and kind as men in general, and he's never knocked any of us down. I wish he had; then I'd get him into jail, and know where he was of nights," retorted the woman.

- "Then what is your complaint against him?"
- "Well, if you must know, he's one of them plaguey jiners."
 - "A what?"

"A jiner—one of them pesky fools that's always jining something. There can't nothing come along that's dark and sly and hidden but he jines it. If anybody should get up a society to burn his house down, he'd jine it just as soon as he could get in; and if he had to pay for it he'd go all the suddener. We hadn't been married more'n two months before he jined the Know Nothin's. We lived on a farm then, and every Saturday night he'd come tearing in before supper, grab a fistful of nut cakes, and go off gnawing them, and that's the last I'd see of him till morning. And every other night he'd roll and tumble in his bed, and holler in his sleep, 'Put none but Americans on guard-George Washington;' and rainy days he would go out in the corn-barn and jab at a picture of King George with an old bagnet that was there. I ought to put my foot down then, but he fooled me so with his lies that I let him go and encouraged him in it.

"Then he jined the Masons. P'raps you know what them be, but I don't, 'cept they think they are of the same kind of critters that built Solomon's temple; and of all the nonsense and gab about worshipful master and square and compasses and sich like that we had in the house for the next six months, you never see the beat. And he's never outgrowed it nuther. What do you think of a man, squire, that'll dress himself in a white apron, about big enough for a monkey's bib, and go marching up and down and making motions and talking

foolish lingo at a picture of George Washington in a green jacket and an apron covered over with eyes and columns and other queer pictures! Ain't he a loonytick? Well, that's my Sam, and I've stood it as long as I'm goin' to.

"The next lunge the old fool made was into the Odd Fellows. I made it warm for him when he came home and told me he'd jined them, but he kinder pacified me by telling me they are a sort of branch show that took in women, and he'd get me in as soon as he found how to do it. Well, one night he come home and said I'd been proposed, and somebody had black-balled me. Did it himself, of course. Didn't want me around knowing about his goings on. Of course he didn't, and I told him so.

"Then he jined the Sons of Malter. Didn't say nothing to me about it, but sneaked off one night, pretendin' he'd got to sit up with a sick Odd Fellow, and I never found it out, only he come home lookin' like a man who had been through a threshing machine, and I wouldn't do a thing for him until he owned up. And so it's gone from bad to wus, jinin' this and that and t'other, till he's worship minister of the Masons, and goodness of hope of the Odd Fellows, and sword swallower of the Finnegans, and virgin cerus of the Grange, and grand Mogul of the Sons of Indolence, and twoedged tomahawk of the United Order of Red Men, and tale bearer of the Merciful Manikins, and skipper of the Guild Caratrine Columbus, and grand Oriental Bouncer of the Royal Arcaners, and big wizzard of the Arabian Nights, and pledge passer of the Reform club, and chief bulger of the Irish Mechanics, and purse

keeper of the Order of Canadian Conscience, and double-barrelled dictator of the Knights of the Brass Circles, and standard bearer of the Royal Archangels, and sublime porte of the Onion League, and chief butler of the Celestial Cherubs, and puissant potentate of the Petrified Pollywogs, and goodness only knows what else. I've borne it and borne it, hopin' he'd get 'em all jined after awhile, but 'tain't no use, and when he'd got into a new one, and been made grand guide of the Nights of Horror, I told him I'd quit and I will."

Here the Mayor interrupted, saying:

"Well, your husband is pretty well initiated, that's a fact; but the court will hardly call that a good cause for divorce. The most of the societies you mention are composed of honorable men with excellent reputations. Many of them, though called lodges, are relief associations and mutual insurance companies, which if your husband should die, would take care of you and would not see you suffer if you were sick."

"See me suffer when I'm sick! Take care of me when he's dead! Well, I guess not; I can take care of myself when he's dead; and if I can't I can get another! There's plenty of 'em! And they needn't bother themselves when I am sick either. If I want to be sick and suffer, it's none of their business, especially after all the suffering I've had when I ain't sick, because of their carryin's on. And you needn't try to make me believe it's all right, either. I know what it is to live with a man that jines so many lodges that he don't never lodge at home."

"Oh, that's harmless amusement," quietly remarked the Mayor, "and if all that you say about your husband is really as you affirm, it affords strong proof that he must be a man endowed with an unusual amount of earnestness of purpose, as well as a large degree of popularity."

She looked him square in the eyes and said: "I believe you are a jiner yourself."

He admitted that he was to a certain extent, and she arose and said: "I would not have thought it. A man like you, chairman of a Sabbath school,—its enough to make a woman take pisen! But I don't want anything of you. I want a lawyer that don't belong to nobody or nothin'." And she bolted out of the office to hunt up a man that wasn't a jiner.—Anon.

JUSTICE IN LEADVILLE.

YES, law is a great thing, mister, but justice comes in ahead When a lie makes a fiend not guilty, and the neighbor he shot is dead.

Leadville would follow the fashion,—have regular courts of law: I take no stock in lawyers, don't gamble upon their jaw. But the judge, he said Gueldo undoubtedly did for Blake, And he ought to give him a trial just for appearance' sake; That Texas chap can't clear him, the lead's too rich to hide, And the black neck of the Spaniard on the air-line's bound to ride. So I tried to believe in the woman "with the bandage upon her

Though one side's as likely as t'other to drop from the beam or rise

If a nugget should tip the balance or a false tongue cry the weight;

But I thought I'd see if a trial was "the regular thing" for Kate. So I went to her pretty cottage; the widow's a tidy thing,—
Great mournful eyes, and a head of hair as brown as a heron's wing.

Her husband's murder was cruel; Antonio, fierce and sly,
Had sworn revenge for a trifle when some of the boys were nigh.
She had tripped to her bed of pansies, for Blake was going away;
While he bent to embrace their baby she gathered a love bouquet:
She heard a voice,—Gueldo's—a shot—and she ran to Jim;—
But the babe's white dress was scarlet, and the father's eyes were dim.

You've heard the cry of a bittern?—it was just that sort of a noise;

It brought us there in a hurry, the women and half the boys.

She tried to tell us the story,—her white lips only stirred; She seemed to slip quite out of life, and couldn't utter a word. She told us at last in writing, only a name,—and then Six derringers found his level, his guard was a dozen men. She didn't take on, seemed frozen,—but Lord! what a ghastly face!

With slow, sad steps, like the shade of joy, she crept round the woful place,

And when we lifted the coffin she knelt with her little child, Just whispered to Jim and kissed him; we said, "She is going wild."

Ah, deep things yield no token, and she wa'n't surface gold;
'Twas a gloomy job prospecting round the claim Jim couldn't
hold.

hold,
But I found her rocking the baby, her chin in the dainty palm,
White as the shaver's pillow, tearless and dreadful calm.
I told her about the trial, she shuddered, her great black eyes
Flashed out such a danger signal,—or may be it was surprise.
"They never can clear Gueldo; he cannot escape for I
Can swear to his hissing Spanish,—that I saw him turn and
fly!"

"No, never," I said, "his ticket is good for the underground, He's due this time to-morrow where he won't find Blake around."

The judge held court in his wood-house, and Bagget had stripped his store

Of barrel and box; I never set eyes on a crowd before.

I dropped on a keg of ciscos, the judge on a box of soap;
Gueldo and his attorney found seats on a coil of rope.

Then Kate came, with her baby like a rosebud in the snow,
Its pink cheek 'gainst the mother's, pallid and pinched with
woe.

Jim's blue eyes, as I live, sit! there were his very curls; They set us miners to sobbing like a corral of silly girls. She looked so thankful on us, colored, and when she met The snake eyes of Gueldo, the braids on her brow were wet; And if the hell of the preachers had yawned on our gentle Kate, She couldn't have glared such horror or woman's deadly hate.

So they went on with the trial; an alibi, it was claimed, Would be urged for the wolf defendant; the judge,—well, he looked ashamed

When ten of the hardest rascals, the cruelest, meanest lot, Swore, black and blue, Gueldo was four miles from the spot With them a-hunting the grizzly; then the Texan plead his case, Till the judge turned pale as ashes,—couldn't look in an honest face.

"Your verdict, my men of the jury, must be grounded, I suppose, On the weight of the testimony; if you have any faith in those Reliable fellows from Gouger, the prisoner wasn't thar."

And his honor growled upon him like a vexed and hungry b'ar.

I've noticed the newest convert prays loudest of all the camp,
And that mutton-headed jury declared for the cussed scamp.
For nothing Kate's truthful story; the evidence went, you see,
To disprove the facts; Gueldo by the law was acquitted free.
"You can go," said the judge; "but likely the climate won't suit
you here."

Antonio rose defiant. Then Kate spoke low and clear, (Clasping her babe, and rising,) "Are you done with the prisoner, sir?"

As a marble statue might ask it. His honor bowed to her,—
"Heaven knows I'm sorry I am, child." "Because," she replied,
"I'm not."

A flash from her eyes and pistol—the Mexican devil was shot.

The smoke made a little halo round the laughing baby's head.

Then I knew the terrible promise she whispered her husband dead.

Gueldo staggered, falling, his swart face scared and grim,—
Dead, gentlemen of the jury! Decision reversed for him!

"And justice!" we heard her murmur, though she wasn't the talking kind,

And she hadn't the least allusion to that female pictured blind.

Trembling she turned upon us the eyes of a wounded doe;

"Amen!" from the weeping neighbors; "God help you!" the judge said: "go!"

Helen Hinsdale Rich.

HIS LAST COURT.

OLD Judge Grepson, a justice of the peace, was never known to smile. He came to Arkansas years ago, and year after year, by the will of the voters, he held his place as magistrate. The lawyers who practised in his court never joked with him, because every one soon learned that the old man never engaged in levity. Every morning, no matter how bad the weather might be, the old man took his place behind the bar which, with his own hands, he had made, and every evening, just at a certain time, he closed his books and went home. No one ever engaged him in private conversation, because he would talk to no one. No one ever went to his home, a little cottage among the trees in the city's outskirts, because he had never shown a disposition to make welcome the visits of those who even lived in the immediate vicinity. His office was not given him through the influence of "electioneering," because he never asked any man for his vote. He was

first elected because, having been once summoned in a case of arbitration, he exhibited the executive side of such a legal mind that the people nominated and elected him. He soon gained the name of the "hard justice," and every lawyer in Arkansas referred to his decision. His rulings were never reversed by the higher courts. He showed no sentiment in decision. He stood upon the platform of a law which he made a study, and no one disputed him.

One day, a woman charged with misdemeanor was arraigned before him. "The old man seems more than ever unsteady," remarked a lawyer as the magistrate took his seat. "I don't see how a man so old can stand the vexation of a court much longer."

"I am not well to-day," said the Judge, turning to the lawyers, "and any cases that you may have you will please despatch them to the best, and let me add, quickest of your ability."

Every one saw that the old man was unusually feeble, and no one thought of a scheme to prolong a discussion, for all the lawyers had learned to reverence him.

"Is this the woman?" asked the Judge. "Who is defending her?"

"I have no defence, your Honor," the woman replied. "In fact, I do not think I need any, for I am here to confess my guilt. No man can defend me," and she looked at the magistrate with a curious gaze. "I have been arrested on a charge of disturbing the peace, and I am willing to submit my case. I am dying of consumption, Judge, and I know that any ruling made by the law can have but little effect on me;" and she

coughed a hollow, hacking cough, and drew around her an old black shawl that she wore. The expression on the face of the magistrate remained unchanged, but his eyelids dropped and he did not raise them when the woman continued: "As I say, no man can defend me. I am too near that awful separation of soul and body. Years ago I was a child of brightest promise. I lived with my parents in Kentucky. Wayward and light-hearted, I was admired by all the gay society known in the neighborhood. A man came and professed his love for me. I don't say this, Judge, to excite your sympathy. I have many and many a time been drawn before courts, but I never before spoke of my past life."

She coughed again and caught a flow of blood on a handkerchief which she pressed to her lips. "I speak of it now because I know that this is the last court on earth before which I will be arraigned. I was fifteen years old when I fell in love with the man. My father said he was bad, but I loved him. He came again and again, and when my father said that he should come no more, I ran away and married him. My father said I should never come home again. I had always been his pride and had loved him dearly, but he said that I must never again come to his home,-my home, the home of my youth and happiness. How I longed to see him. How I yearned to put my head on his breast. My husband became addicted to drink. He abused me. I wrote to my father, asking him to let me come home, but the answer that came was 'I don't know you!' My husband died-yes, cursed God and died! Homeless and wretched, and with my little boy, I went

out into the world. My child died, and I bowed down and wept over a pauper's grave. I wrote to my father again, but he answered: 'I know not those who disobey my commandments!' I turned away from that letter, hardened. I spurned my teachings. Now I am here"

Several lawyers rushed forward. A crimson stream flowed from her lips. They leaned her lifeless head back against the chair. The old magistrate had not raised his eyes. "Great God!" said a lawyer, "he is dead!"

The woman was his daughter.—Anon.

BUILDING AND BEING.

AS RECITED BY J. W. HETHERINGTON.

THE king would build, so a legend says, The finest of all fine palaces.

He sent for St. Thomas, a builder rare, And bade him to rear them a wonder fair.

The king's great treasure was placed at hand, And with it the sovereign's one command,—

"Build well, O builder so good and great! And add to the glory of my estate.

"Build well, nor spare of my wealth to show A prouder palace than mortals know."

The king took leave of his kingdom then, And wandered far from the haunts of men.

St. Thomas the king's great treasure spent In worthier way than his master meant.

He clad the naked, the hungry fed, The oil of gladness around him shed.

He blessed them all with ample store, As never a king's wealth blessed before.

The king came back from his journey long, And found no grace in the happy throng

That greeted him now on his slow return, To teach him the lesson he ought to learn.

The king came back to his well-spent gold; But no new palace could he behold.

In terrible anger he swore, and said, That the builder's folly should cost his head.

St. Thomas in dungeon dark was cast, Till the time for his punishment dire was passed.

Then it chanced, or the good God willed it so, That the king's own brother in death lay low.

When four days dead, so the legend reads, He rose to humanity's life and needs.

From sleep of the dust, he strangely woke, And thus to his brother, the king, he spoke:

- "I have been to Paradise, O, my king! And have heard the heavenly angels sing.
- "And there I saw by the gates of gold, A palace finer than tongue has told;
- "Its walls and towers were lifted high In beautiful grace to the bending sky;
- "Its glories there in that radiant place, Shone forth like a smile from the dear Lord's face.
- "An angel said it was builded there By the good St. Thomas, with love and care

"For our fellow-men, and that it should be Thy palace of peace through eternity."

The king this vision pondered well, Till he took St. Thomas from dungeon-cell,

And said, "O builder! he most is wise Who buildeth ever for Paradise."

Anon.

KATE MALONEY.

In the winter, when the snowdrift stood against the cabin door, Kate Maloney, wife of Patrick, lay nigh dying on the floor — Lay on rags and tattered garments, moaning out with feeble breath,

"Knale beside me, Pat, my darlint; pray the Lord to give me death."

Patrick knelt him down beside her, took her thin and wasted hand, Saying something to her softly that she scarce could understand. "Let me save ye, oh, my honey! Only spake a single word, And I'll sell the golden secret where it's wanted to be heard.

"Sure it cuts my heart to see ye lyin' dyin' day by day,
When it's food and warmth ye're wanting just to dhrive yer pains
away.

There's a hundred golden guineas at my mercy if ye will— Do ye know that Mickey Regan's in the hut upon the hill?"

Kate Maloney gripped her husband, then she looked him through and through;

"Pat Maloney, am I dhraming? Did I hear them words o' you? Have I lived an honest woman, loving Ireland, God and thee, That now upon my deathbed ye should spake them words to me?

"Come ye here, ye tremblin' traitor; stand beside me now, and swear

By yer soul and yer hereafter, while he lives ye will not dare Whisper e'en a single letter o' brave Mickey Regan's name. Can't I die o' cold and hunger? Would ye have me die o' shame?

"Let the Saxon bloodhounds hunt him, let them show their filthy gold;

What's the poor boy done to hurt 'em? Killed a rascal rich and

Shot an English thief who robbed us, grinding Irish peasants down;

Raisin' rints to pay his wantons and his lackeys up in town.

"We are beasts, we Irish peasants, whom these Saxon tyrants spurn;

If ye hunt a beast too closely, and ye wound him won't he turn? Wasn't Regan's sister ruined by the blackguard lying dead, Who was paid his rint last Monday, not in silver, but in lead?"

Pat Maloney stood and listened, then he knelt and kissed his wife: "Kiss me, darlint, and forgive me; sure, I thought to save your life;

And it's hard to see you dyin' when the gold's within my reach.

I'll be lonely when ye're gone, dear—" here a whimper stopped

his speech.

Late that night, when Kate was dozing, Pat crept cautiously away From his cabin to the hovel where the hunted Regan lay;

He was there—he heard him breathing; something whispered to him, "Go!

Go and claim the hundred guineas—Kate will never need to know."

He would plan some little story when he brought her food to eat, He would say the priest had met him, and had sent her wine and meat.

No one passed their lonely cabin; Kate would lie and fancy still, Mick had slipped away in secret from the hut upon the hill.

Kate Maloney woke and missed him; guessed his errand there and then;

Raised her feeble voice and cursed him with the curse of God and men.

From her rags she slowly staggered, took her husband's loaded gun,

Crying, "God, I pray Thee, help me, ere the traitor's deed be

All her limbs were weak with fever as she crawled across the floor; But she writhed and struggled bravely till she reached the cabin door;

Thence she scanned the open country, for the moon was in its prime,

And she saw her husband running, and she thought, "there yet is time."

He had come from Regan's hiding, past the door, and now he went

By the pathway down the mountain, on his evil errand bent.

Once she called him, but he stopped not, neither gave he glance behind,

For her voice was weak and feeble, and it melted on the wind.

Then a sudden strength came to her, and she rose and followed fast,

Though her naked limbs were frozen by the bitter winter blast; She had reached him very nearly when her newborn spirit fled,

"God has willed iti" cried the woman, then she shot the traitor dead!

From her bloodless lips, half frozen, rose a whisper to the sky"I have saved his soul from treason; here, O Heaven, let me die.
Now, no babe unborn shall curse him, nor his country loathe his
name;

I have saved ye, oh, my husband, from a deed of deathless shame."

No one yet has guessed their story. Mickey Regan got away, And across the kind Atlantic lives an honest man to-day; While in Galway still the peasants show the lonely mountain-side Where an Irishman was murdered and an Irishwoman died.

Lagonet.

THE TWO GLASSES.

AS RECITED BY JAS. S. BURDETT.

THERE sat two glasses, filled to the brim, On a rich man's table, rim to rim: One was ruddy and red as blood, And one as clear as the crystal flood.

Said the glass of wine to the paler brother:

"Let us tell the tales of the past to each other;
I can tell of banquet and revel and mirth;
And the proudest and grandest souls on earth
Fell under my touch as though struck by blight,
Where I was king, for I ruled in might.
From the heads of kings I have torn the crown;
From the heights of fame I have hurled men down
I have blasted many an honored name;
I have taken virtue and given shame;
I have tempted the youth with a sip, a taste
That has made his future a barren waste.
Greater, far greater than king am I,
Or than any army beneath the sky.

I have made the arm of the driver fail,
And sent the train from the iron rail;
I have made good ships go down at sea,
And the shrieks of the lost were sweet to me,
For they said, 'Behold how great you be!
Fame, strength, wealth, genius before you fall,
For your might and power are over all.'
Ho! ho! pale brother," laughed the wine,
"Can you boast of deeds as great as mine?"

Said the water glass: "I cannot boast Of a king dethroned or a murdered host; But I can tell of a heart once sad. By my crystal drops, made light and glad; Of thirsts I've quenched, of brows I've laved, Of hands I have cooled, and souls I have saved; I have leaped through the valley, dashed down the mountain, Flowed in the river and played in the fountain, Slept in the sunshine and dropped from the sky, And everywhere gladdened the landscape and eye. I have eased the hot forehead of fever and pain; I have made the parched meadows grow fertile with grain I can tell of the powerful wheel of the mill, That ground out the flour and turned at my will. I can tell of manhood debased by you, That I have lifted and crowned anew. I cheer, I help, I strengthen and aid: I gladden the heart of man and maid; I set the chained wine-captive free: And all are better for knowing me."

These are the tales they told each other, The glass of wine and the paler brother, As they sat together filled to the brim, On the rich man's table, rim to rim.—Anon.

KATRINA'S VISIT TO NEW YORK.

AS RECITED BY ALEX. T. BROWN.

Vell, von morning I says to Hans (Hans vos mein husband):—"Hans, I tinks I goes down to New York, und see some sights in dot village."

Und Hans he say: "Vell Katrina, you vork hard pooty mooch, I tinks it vould petter be dot you goes und rest yourself some." So I gets meinself ready right avay quick, und in two days I vos de shteam cars on vistling avay for New York. Ve vent so fast I tinks mein head vould shplit sometimes. De poles for dot delegraph vires goes by like dey vos mad und running a races demselves mit to see vich could go de fastest mit de oder. De engine vistled like sometimes it vos hurt bad, und screeched mit de pain, und de horses by dem fields vould run as dey vas scared.

It vas pooty mooch as ten hours ven ve rushed into some houses so big enough as all our village, und de cars begin to shtop vith so many leetle jerks I dinks me I shall lose all de dinner vot I eat vile I vas coming all de vay apoudt.

Vell, ven dem cars got shtopped, de peoples all got oudt und I picked mein traps oup und got oudt too. I had shust shtepped de blatform on, ven so mooch as ein hundert men, mit vips in dere hands, und dere fingers all in de air oup, asked me all at vonce, "Vere I go?" Und every one of dem fellers vanted me to go mit him to his hotel. But I tells em I guess not; I

vas going mit my brudder-mit-law, vot keeps ein pakeshop on de Powery, vere it didn't cost me notings. So
I got me in dot shtreet cars, und pays de man mit
brass buttons on his coat to let me oudt mit de shtreet
vere dot Yawcup Schneider leeves. Oh, my! vot lots
of houses! De shtreets vos all ofer filled mit dem.
Und so many peoples I tinks me dere must be a fire,
or a barade, or some excitement vot gets de whole city
in von blaces. It dakes me so mooch time to look at
everytings I forgot me ven to got oudt und rides apast
de blaces I vants to shtop to, und has to valk again
pack mit dree or four shquares. But I vind me dot
brudder-mit-law who vos make me so velcome as nefer
vos.

Vell, dot vos Saturday mit de afternoon. I vas tired mit dot day's travel und I goes me pooty quick to bed. und ven I vakes in de morning de sun vas high oup in de shky. But I gets me oup und puts on mein new silk vrock und tinks me I shall go to some fine churches und hear ein grosse breacher. Der pells vas ringing so schveet I dinks I nefer pefore hear such music. Ven I got de shtreet on de beobles vos all going quiet und nice to dere blaces mit worship, und I makes oup my mind to go in von of dem churches so soon as von comes along. Pooty soon I come to de von mit ein shteeples high oup in de shky und I goes in mit de beobles und sits me down on ein seat all covered mit a leetle mattress. De big organ vas blaying so soft it seemed likes as if some angels must be dere to make dot music.

Pooty soon de breacher man shtood in de bulbit oup und read de hymn oudt, und all de beobles sing until de churches vos filled mit de shweetness. Den de breacher man pray, und read de Pible, und den he say dot de bulbit would be occupied by the Rev. Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas.

Den dot man commenced to breach, und he read mit dis dext, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." He talks for so mooch as an half hour already ven de beobles sings again und goes home. I tells mein brudder-mit-law it vos so nice I tinks me I goes again mit some oder churches. So vot you tinks? I goes mit anoder churches dot afternoon und dot same Villiam R. Shtover vos dere und breach dot same sermon ofer again mit dot same dext, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever." I tinks to my ownself-dot vos too bad, und I goes home und dells Yawcup, und he says, "Nefer mind Katrina, to-night ve goes somewhere else to churches." So ven de night vas come und de lamps vos all lighted mit de shtreets, me und mein brudder-mit-law, ve goes over to dot Brooklyn town to hear dot Heinrich Vard Peecher.

My but dot vos ein grosse church, und so many beobles vas dere, ve vas crowded mit de vall back. Ven de singing vas all done, a man vot vos sitting mit a leetle chair got oup und say dot de Rev. Heinrich Vard Peecher vas to de Vhite Mountains gone mit dot hay fever but dot de bulbit vould be occupied on this occasion by de Rev. Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas. Und dot Villiam R. Shtover he gots mit dot bulbit oup und breaches dot same sermon mit dot same text, "Und Simon's vife's mudder lay sick mit a fever."

Dot vos too bad again, und I gets mad. I vos so mad I vish dot he got dot fever himself.

Vell, ven dot man vas troo Yawcup says to me, "Come, Katrina, ve'll go down to dot ferry und take de boat vot goes to New York!" Ven ve vas on dot boat de fog vas so tick dot you couldn't see your hands pehind your pack. De vistles vas plowing, und dem pells vos ringing, und von man shtepped up mit Yawcup und say "Vot vor dem pells pe ringing so mooch?"

Und ven I looked around dere shtood dot Villiam R. Shtover mit Leavenworth, Kansas—und I said pooty quick: "Vot vor dem pells vas ringing? Vy for Simon's vife's mudder, vot must be died, for I hear dree times to-day already dot she vas sick mit ein fever."

THE LEGEND OF INNISFALLEN.

THE Abbot of Innisfallen
Arose from his couch to pray
Or ever the first faint flush of dawn
Stole over the twilight gray;
While the peace of the great night-angel
In the air was still abroad,
And no world-clamor could jar the wings
That lifted his soul to God.

Oh, fair on Killarney's water
The isle like a blossom lay,
And fair in its bosom the abbey walls
Rose up with their turrets gray;
But the inner soul of the beauty
Illumined the chapel air
When the sun-rise streamed through the oriel pane
On the Abbot's morning prayer.

But once, ere the golden dawning,
The low words died away,
For a strange song rose on the outward air,
And the monk could no longer pray.
In vain he murmured an ave
And pressed to the shrine more near,
His soul was drawn with a mystic spell
And he could not choose but hear.

"The sweet, sweet voice is calling,
It calleth my soul to greet!"

And forth in the hueless morning
He hurried with trembling feet.

"I must gaze on the soul that singeth,
Though an angel or fiend it be,
May Christ who was tempted himself, on earth,
Have pity, and pardon me!"

He saw in the dusky twilight
A wonderful snow-white bird;
The air glowed softly around its wings,
And thrilled as the music stirred.
Slowly it flew before him,
And the Abbot followed on;
Scant choice have the feet but to overtake
When the eyes and the heart have gone.

And now through the silent forest,
And now by the silver lake,
O'er moor and meadow he followed still,
Through desolate fen and brake.
And if it were noon or evening,—
If moments or years went by,—
The monk knew not while he heard beyond
The voice of that melody.

But at last the abbey turrets
Rose up to his sight again,
He thought of his uncompleted prayer
And the glamour cleared from his brain.

But the walls are old and crumbling!

And the ivy grown so high

He can scarcely see the oriel pane

Where he watched the morning sky!

And why are his limbs grown feeble?
His hands so thin and seamed?
And what are the locks like flying snow
Which over his shoulder streamed?
He entered the chapel doorway,
But the porter's face was strange;
Each passing form and familiar scene
Had suffered a wondrous change.

And never a monk in the abbey
Could tell his face or name,
But an aged man from his quiet cell,
With tottering footsteps came;
"When I was a boy," he murmured,
"They whispered the story o'er
How the father Anselm vanished away,
And they saw his face no more."

"It was I!" said the trembling Abbot,
While the startled monks were dumb
"Oh, give to me absolution now,
For I know my hour is come."
They gave him the holy wafer,
And reverent laid him down
Where the light fell soft on his wrinkled brow
Like a gold and opal crown.

Then his breath came faint and fainter,
And the awe-struck watchers heard
The low, sweet call from the casement ledge
Of a strange and beauteous bird.
It perched on the couch of waiting;
The bells of the abbey tolled;
Then two birds rose to the azure sky,
And the monk lay still and cold.

Oh, what is the ancient legend
But the story of life for each?
To follow forever a shining hope
That beckons beyond our reach!
But I think when we fall a-weary,
And the long pursuit is past,
The beautiful vision we sought so long
Will stoop to our hand at last.

Minnie D. Bateham.

THE WIDOW CUMMISKEY.

THE widow Cummiskey was standing at the door of her little millinery store, Avenue D, the other evening, as Mr. Costello came along. Mr. Costello stopped.

"Good-evening to you, ma'am," said he.

"Good-evening to you," answered the widow.

"It's fine weather we're havin', ma'am," continued Mr. Costello.

"It is that, thank God," replied Mrs. Cummiskey, "but the winter's comin' at last, and it comes to all, both great and small."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, "but for all that it doesn't come to us all alike. Now, here are you, ma'am, fat, rosy, an' good-lookin', equally swate as a summer greening, a fall pippin, or a winter russet—"

"Arah, hould yer whist, now," interrupted the fair widow, laughing. "Much an old bachelor like you knows about apples or women. But come in, Mr. Costello, and take a cup of tay with me, for I was only standin' be the doore lookin' at the people passin' for company sake, like, and I'm sure the kettle must have sung itself hoarse."

Mr. Costello needed no second invitation, and he followed his hostess into her snug back room. There was a bright fire burning in the little Franklin stove, the teakettle was sending forth a cloud of steam that took a ruddy glow from the fire-light, the shaded light on the table gave a mellow and subdued light to the room, and it was all very suggestive of comfort.

"It's very cosy ye are here, Mrs. Cummiskey," said Mr. Costello, casting a look of approbation around the apartment.

"Yes," replied the widow, as she laid the supper, "it is that whin I do have company."

"Ah," said Mr. Costello, "it must be lonesome for you with only the cat and yer cup o' tay."

"Sure it is," answered the widow. "But take a sate and set down, Mr. Costello. Help yersilf to the fish, an' don't forgit the purtaties. Look at thim; they're splittin' their sides with laughin'."

Mr. Costello helped himself and paused. He looked at the plump widow, with her arms in that graceful position assumed in the pouring out of tea, and remarked, "I'm sinsible of the comforts of a home, Mrs. Cummiskey, although I've none mesilf. Mind, now, the difference between the taste o' the tay made and sarved that a way and the tay they gives you in an 'atinghouse."

"Sure," said the widow, "there's nothin' like a home of your own. I wonder ye never got marrit, Mr. Costello."

"I was about to make the same remark in riference to yerself, ma'am," answered Mr. Costello.

"God keep us," exclaimed Mrs. Cummiskey, "aren't I a widder woman this seven year?" "Ah," rejoined Mr. Costello, "but it's thinkin' I was why ye didn't get marrit again."

"Well, it's sure I am," said the widow, thoughtfully, setting down her tea-cup and raising her hand by way of emphasis, "there never was a better husband to any woman than him that's dead and gone, Heaven save and rest his soul. He was that aisy, a child could do anythin' with him, and he was as humorsome as a monkey. You favor him very much, Mr. Costello; he was about your height, an' dark-complected like you!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Mr. Costello.

"He often used to say to me in his bantherin' way, 'Sure, Nora, what's the worruld to a man whin his wife is a widder?' manin', you know, that all timptations in luxuries of this life can never folly a man beyant the grave. 'Sure, Nora,' says he, 'what's this worruld to a man whin his wife is a widder?' Ah, poor John!"

"It was a sensible sayin', that," remarked Mr. Costello, helping himself to more fish.

"I mind the day John died," continued the widow. "He knew everything to the last, and about four in the afternoon—it was seventeen minutes past five exactly, be the clock, that he died—he says to me, 'Nora,' says he, 'you've been a good wife,' says he, 'an' I've been a good husband,' says he, 'an' so there's no love lost betune us,' says he, 'an' I could give you a good charak-tur to any place,' says he, 'an' I wish you could do the same for me where I'm goin',' says he; 'but it's case equal,' says he; 'every dog has his day, and some has a day and a half,' says he, 'and,' says he, 'I'll know more in a bit than Father Corrigan himself,' says he, 'so I'll not bother my brains about it;' and he says,

says he, 'and if at any time ye see anny wan ye like better nor me, marry him,' says he, for the first time spakin' it solemn like. 'Ah, Nora, what is the wurruld to a man when his wife is a widder? And,' says he, 'I lave fifty dollars for masses, and the rest I lave to yourself,' says he, 'an' I needn't tell ye to be a good mother to the children,' say she, 'for well we know there are none.' Ah, poor John. Will ye have another cup of tay, Mr. Costello?"

"It must have been very hard on ye," said Mr. Costello. "Thank ye, ma'am, no more."

"It was hard," said Mrs. Cummiskey; "but time will tell. I must cast about me for me own livin', an' so I got until this place, an' here I am to-day."

"Ah!" said Mr. Costello, as they rose from the table and seated themselves before the fire, "an' here we are both of us this evenin'."

"Here we are, sure enough," rejoined the widow.

"An' so I mind ye of—of him, do I?" asked Mr. Costello, after a pause, during which he had gazed contemplatively into the fire.

"That ye do," answered the widow. "Ye favor him greatly. Dark-complected an' the same pleasant smile."

"Now, with me sittin' here, and you sittin' there foreninst me, ye might almost think ye were marrit again," said Mr. Costello, insinuatingly.

"Ah, go 'way now for a taze that ye are," exclaimed the widow, mussing her clean apron by rolling up the corners of it.

"I disremember what it was he said about seein' anny man you liked better nor him," said Mr. Costello, moving his chair a little nearer to that of the widow.

- "He said, said he," answered the widow, smoothing her apron over her knees with her plump white hands, 'Nora,' said he, 'if any time ye see anny man ye like better nor me, marry him,' says he."
- "Did he say anything about anny wan ye liked as well as him?" asked Mr. Costello.
- "I don't mind that he did," answered the widow, reflectively, folding her hands in her lap.
- "I supposed he left that to yerself?" pursued Costello.
- "Faith, an' I don't know, thin," answered Mrs. Cummiskey.
- "D'ye think ye like me as well as him?" asked Costello, persuasively, leaning forward to look into the widow's eyes, which were cast down.
- "Ah, go 'way for a taze," exclaimed the widow, straightening herself, and playfully slapping Costello in the face.

He moved his chair still nearer, and stole his arm around her waist.

- "Nivver you think I'm ticklesome, Mr. Costello," said the widow, looking boldly at him.
- "Tell me," he insisted, "d'ye like me as well as ye did him?"
- "I—I most—I most disremember now how much I liked him," answered the widow, naturally embarrassed by such a question.
- "Well, thin," asked Costello, enforcing his question by gentle squeezes of the widow's round waist, "d'ye like me well enough as meself?"
- "Hear the man!" exclaimed the widow, derisively; "do I like him well enough as himself?"

"Ah, now, don't be breakin' me heart," pleaded Costello. "Answer me this question, Mrs. Cummiskey: Is yer heart tender towards me?"

"It is," whispered the widow; "an' there, now ye have it."

"Glory be to God!" exclaimed the happy lover, and he drew the not unwilling widow to his bosom.

A few minutes after Mrs. Cummiskey looked up, and, as she smoothed her hair, said: "But, Jam—es, ye haven't told me how ye liked yer tay."

"Ah, Nora, me jewel," answered Mr. Costello, "the taste of that first kiss would take away the taste of all the tay that ever was brewed."—Anon.

LOST AND FOUND.

SOME miners were sinking a shaft in Wales— (I know not where,—but the facts have fill'd A chink in my brain, while other tales

Have been swept away, as when pearls are spill'd, One pearl rolls into a chink in the floor;)
—Somewhere, then, where God's light is kill'd,

And men tear in the dark, at the earth's heart-core, These men were at work, when their axes knock'd A hole in a passage closed years before.

A slip in the earth, I suppose, had block'd This gallery suddenly up, with a heap Of rubble, as safe as a chest is block'd,

Till these men pick'd it; and 'gan to creep In on all-fours. Then a loud shout ran Round the black roof—"Here's a man asleep!" They all push'd forward, and scarce a span From the mouth of the passage, in sooth, the lamp Fell on the upturn'd face of a man.

No taint of death, no decaying damp Had touch'd that fair young brow, whereon Courage had set its glorious stamp.

Calm as a monarch upon his throne, Lips hard clench'd, no shadow of fear, He sat there taking his rest, alone.

He must have been there for many a year. The spirit had fled; but there was its shrine, In clothes of a century old or near!

The dry and embalming air of the mine Had arrested the natural hand of decay, Nor faded the flesh, nor dimm'd a line.

Who was he, then? No man could say When the passage had suddenly fallen in—Its memory, even, was past away!

In their great rough arms, begrimed with coal, They took him up, as a tender lass Will carry a babe, from that darksome hole,

To the outer world of the short warm grass. Then up spoke one, "Let us send for Bess, She is seventy-nine, come Martinmass;

Older than any one here, I guess! Belike, she may mind when the wall fell there, And remember the chap by his comeliness."

So they brought old Bess with her silver hair, To the side of the hill, where the dead man lay, Ere the flesh had crumbled in outer air. And the crowd around him all gave way, As with tottering steps old Bess drew nigh, And bent o'er the face of the unchanged clay.

Then suddenly rang a sharp low cry! Bess sank on her knees, and wildly toss'd Her wither'd arms in the summer sky

"O Willie! Willie! my lad! my lost! The Lord be praised! after sixty years I see you again!.... The tears you cost,

O Willie darlin', were bitter tears! . . . They never looked for ye underground, They told me a tale to mock my fears!

They said ye were auver the sea—ye'd sound A lass ye loved better nor me, to explain How ye'd a-vanish'd fra sight and sound!

O darlin', a long, long life o' pain I ha' lived since then! . . . And now I'm old, 'Seems a'most as if youth were come back again,

Seeing ye there wi' your locks o' gold, And limbs as straight as ashen beams, I a'most forget how the years ha' rolled

Between us! O Willie! how strange it seems To see ye here as I see ye oft, Auver and auver again in dreams!"

In broken words like these, with soft Low wails she rock'd herself. And none Of the rough men around her scoff'd.

For surely a sight like this, the sun Had rarely looked upon. Face to face, The old dead love, and the living one! The dead, with its undimm'd fleshly grace, At the end of threescore years; the quick, Pucker'd, and wither'd, without a trace

• Of its warm girl-beauty! A wizard's trick Bringing the youth and the love that were, Back to the eyes of the old and sick!

Those bodies were just of one age; yet there Death, clad in youth, had been standing still, While life had been fretting itself threadbare!

But the moment was come; (as a moment will To all who have loved, and have parted here. And have toil'd alone up the thorny hill;

When, at the top, as their eyes see clear, Over the mists in the vale below, Mere specks their trials and toils appear,

Beside the eternal rest they know!)
Death-came to old Bess that night, and gave
The welcome summons that she should go.

And now, though the rains and winds may rave, Nothing can part them. Deep and wide, The miners that evening dug one grave.

And there, while the summers and winters glide, Old Bess and young Willie sleep side by side!

Hamilton Aide.

SPRING HOUSE-CLEANING.

SIMON WADSO, returning home with his arms full of groceries, and his mind full of contentment at the prospect of a well-served dinner, and a quiet cosy evening in the bosom of his family, found his programme, on arrival at his house, upset, and the prospect of a quiet evening as badly shattered as a looking-glass which a

cannon ball has passed through. Instead of a waiting wife and dinner, a carpetless floor, soft-soap puddles, and the furniture stacked in pyramids, greeted him.

"Has there been a fire?" he meekly inquired of the servant, as he deposited his parcels in the coal scuttle, which had been converted into a corner ornament for the mantlepiece.

"No, sir," replied the usually neat girl, who appeared to be in an awful state of rags and soap-suds.

"Visited by an earthquake?" he calmly asked, lifting a bar of soap, a loaf of bread, and a wet dishcloth off the crown of his best silk hat, and smoothing it on his coat sleeve.

"Sure, the missus is house-cleaning, sur," observed the help, waving a dripping scrubbing-brush madly to and fro on the door.

The wife of his bosom entered at that moment, disguised with a patch of stove-black on her fair cheek, her nose fiery red from the cold, a pillow-case worn as a turban, a badly torn dress festooned about her, and her feet encased in a pair of her husband's Arctic overshoes.

"Good gracious, Maria, what's the matter?" he exclaimed, glancing from his badly damaged hat to his disreputable looking matrimonial partner.

"Why, I'm spring house-cleaning, and have got all the carpets up and out in the back yard for you to beat this evening," she replied in an exultant voice, "and I'm so glad that you are back to help Annie and me move the stove."

"Don't you think, love," he said gloomily, "it would

be better to hire a man to come in the morning and beat them? I——"

"Nonsense, I won't have a strange man here. You can just as well shake them as not," she interrupted, briskly brushing his eighteen-dollar sealskin gloves off the top of the sewing machine into a soft-soap puddle.

"When will dinner be ready?" he asked, despondently, as he rescued his gauntlets and wiped them dry with his pocket-handkerchief.

"Oh, I had to let the fire go out to black the range. If you're hungry, I'll get you something to eat," she replied, leading the way into the kitchen, where, having fished up an ironing blanket, the family cat, a sun-bonnet and some clothes-pins out of the wash-boiler, a week-old mutton bone and some cold buckwheat cakes were discovered, the table spread on the corner of the mantlepiece, and dinner announced as ready.

Wadso groaned in spirit at the sight of the unsavory viands, and his appetite vanished like a boy's kite when the string breaks.

"Now, if you're through, let's move the stove," said Mrs. W., after allowing him seventeen seconds to worry the mutton-bone in.

Wadso rolled up his sleeves, mounted the kitchen table, and gave a wrench at the pipe, hard enough to haul an anchor out of the mud. The next moment the table had turned a back somersault, he had peeled the skin off his shins and knuckles by falling over the stove, and his wife was stamping around, with tears in her eyes, and about a peck of soot poured over her face.

"There! I knew you would do it!" screamed Mrs.

:: W., looking as if she was blacked for a negro minstrel preformance.

Wadso made no reply, his attention being divided just then between his lacerated shins and a broken window, through which he had driven the end of that infernal stove-pipe.

"You did it on purpose, I believe," sobbed his sooty wife, wiping her face with her frock.

Wadso said nothing, but tugged away at the pipe, and after knocking down a bird cage, upsetting a glass lamp, ruining his clothes, and nearly jamming the eye out of Annie, who was passing, succeeded in getting it into the garden. He did not return just then, but spent the next two hours thrashing dirty carpets with a broomhandle, choking and blinding himself with dust, raising blisters on his hands, bumps on his head and profanity sins on his conscience, that bottles of liniment and weeks of piety will scarcely cure. When he did go in, it was with the face of a chimney sweep, muscles aching, hands smarting, shins paining, eyes watering and temper soured to such an extent that even the seductive charms of the cold mutton bone, dished up again for his supper, failed to entirely restore him to good humor.

Mrs. W. retired early, worn out with the duties of the day, and Wadso, having added up his grocer's and butcher's books, washed himself at the kitchen sink with yellow soap, locked up the house, extinguished the gas, and went sadly, sorely, and hungrily to bed.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, as he fell over the rocking-chair on entering the pitch-dark room and was kicked in the ear with the rocker.

- "Oh, Simon! what a noise you're making!" screamed his wife from the bed.
- "Why didn't you leave things stand where they belong?" he yelled, as he tried to get out of the clutches of the kicking, floundering chair.
 - "It's your own stupid awkwardness!" she answered.
- "It's your stupid upsetting!" retorted Wadso, getting up on his feet and sitting down in the place where the bed used to stand.
- "Murder! what is this?" he yelled, upon finding the bed gone, and he clutched wildly at a table to save himself from falling, dragging a globe of goldfish down upon his head with a crash.
- "You'll break everything in the house!" cried his wife, jumping out of the bed in the opposite corner and lighting the gas.
- "House be ha-hanged, wo-wo-man! I-I'm dr-drowned!" gasped Wadso, wringing the water out of his hair, eyes and shirt.
- "It serves you right! Look at the mess you've made!" snapped Mrs. W., as she bobbed around in her nightclothes to pick up her flopping fish and put them in a basin.

Wadso having got on his feet again, was about to reply when he beheld the partner of his joys and sorrows suddenly drop the basin, kick out like a mule, and prance around the room on one foot, like a dancing dervish, finally collapsing in a groaning, moaning, sobbing hysterical heap of bare feet, agony, and sleeping raiment.

"Cramps, eh?" he inquired, solicitously, as he wiped his neck dry with the corner of the counterpane.

"Much y-you care!" she sobbed, nursing her foot, after having extracted a full-grown, well-developed tack she had stepped on.

"I'd sooner have the house burned down than the way it is," growled Wadso, as he turned the gas out and himself into bed.

Next morning as he was about descending to the breakfast table, Mrs. W. said: "I wish you would carry that clock down to the parlor."

Wadso took the clock in his arms, and preceded her, treading carefully down the stairs. He chanced to step on a piece of soap, forgotten while scrubbing the day before, and after trying to kick the ceiling over his head and failing, his feet flew out, and he slid down the remainder of the flight with a velocity that threatened to carry him through the hall door at the foot, the old clock bounding after and striking him in the back of the head every second stair hard enough to loosen his back teeth.

Mrs. W. sat down on the top step and began to cry, thinking he was killed; but he arose, after a minute, shook his fist at her, and said:

"If you don't stop this confounded house-cleaning business, right away, I'll get a divorce."

He took his hat off the rack, jammed it over his eyes, went out, and slammed the door after him, when his next door neighbor met him and said pleasantly:

"Oh! Wadso, good-morning."

"Go 'way from me," he replied, "or I'll mash you into a million pieces."—Anon.

PROVIDENCE PULLED HIM THROUGH.

A TALE OF A TEMPEST.

You have heard of the Royal Helen, the ship as was wrecked last year?

Yon be the rocks she struck on—the boat as went out be here; The night as she struck was reckoned the worst as ever we had, And this is a coast in winter where the weather be awful bad. The beach here was strewn with wreckage, and to tell you the truth, sir, then

Was the only time as ever we'd a bother to get the men.

The single chaps was willin', and six on 'em volunteered,

But most of us here is married, and the wives that night was skeered.

Our women ain't chicken-hearted when it comes to savin' lives, But death that night looked certain—and our wives be only wives;

Their lot ain't bright at the best, sir; but here, when the man lies dead.

'Tain't only a husband missin', it's the children's daily bread.

So our women began to whimper and beg o' the chaps to stay—

I only heerd on it after, for that night I was kept away:

I was up at my cottage, yonder, where the wife lay nigh her end,
She'd been ailin' all the winter, and nothin' 'ud make her mend.

She knew she was sinkin' quickly, she knew as her end was nigh, But she never spoke o' the trouble as I knew on her heart must lie,

For we'd had one great big sorrow with Jack, our only son— He'd got into trouble in London, as lots o' the lads ha' done; Then he'd bolted, his masters told us—he was allus what folks called wild—

From the day as I told his mother, her dear face never smiled.

We heerd no more about him, we never knew where he went, And his mother pined and sickened for the message he never sent.

I had my work to think of; but she had her grief to nurse, So it eat away at her heartstrings, and her health grew worse and worse.

And the night as the Royal Helen went down on yonder sands, I sat and watched her dyin', holdin' her wasted hands.

She moved in her doze a little, then her eyes were opened wide,

And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side

And she seemed to be seekin' somethin', as she looked from side to side;

Then half to herself she whispered: "Where's Jack, to say goodby?

It's hard not to see my darlin' and kiss him afore I die!"

I was stoopin' to kiss and soothe her, while the tears ran down my cheek;

And my lips were shaped to whisper the words I couldn't speak, When the door of my room burst open, and my mates were there outside,

With the news that the boat was launchin'. "You're wanted," their leader cried.

"You've never refused to go, John; you'll put these cowards right.

There's a dozen of lives, maybe, John, as lie in our hands tonight."

'Twas old Ben Brown, the captain; he'd laughed at the women's doubt.

We'd always been first on the beach, sir, when the boat was goin' out.

I didn't move, but I pointed to the white face on the bed-

"I can't go, mate," I murmured; "in an hour she may be dead. I cannot go and leave her to die in the night alone."

As I spoke Ben raised his lantern, and the light on my wife was

As I spoke Den raised his fantern, and the light on my wife was thrown;

And I saw her eyes fixed strangely, with a pleading look on me, While a tremblin' finger pointed through the door to the ragin' sea.

Then she beckoned me near and whispered: "Go, and God's will be done,

For every lad on that ship, John, is some poor mother's son."

We launched the boat in the tempest, though death was the goal in view,

And never a one but doubted if the craft could live it through; But our boat she stood it bravely, and weary and wet and weak, We drew in hail of the vessel we had dared so much to seek. But just as we come upon her, she gave a fearful roll, And went down in the seethin' whirlpool with every livin' soul! We rowed for the spot and shouted, for all around was dark; But only the wild wind answered the cries from our plungin' bark.

I was strainin' my eyes and watchin', when I thought I heard a cry,

And I saw past our bows a somethin' on the crest of a wave dashed by.

I stretched out my hand to seize it; I dragged it aboard, and then I stumbled and struck my forrud, and fell like a log on Ben. I remember a hum of voices, and then I knowed no more Till I came to my senses here, sir,—here in my home, ashore. My forrud was tightly bandaged, and I lay on my little bed—I'd slipped, so they told me arter, and a rullock had struck my head.

Then my mates came in and whispered; they'd heard I was comin' round.

At first I could scarcely hear 'em, it seemed like a buzzin' sound; But as soon as my head got clearer, and accustomed to hear 'em speak,

I knew as I'd lain like that, sir, for many a long, long week.

I guessed what the lads was hidin' for their poor old ship-mate's sake.

I could see by their puzzled faces they'd got some news to break; So I lifts my head from the pillow, and I says to old Ben, "Look here,

I'm able to bear it now, lad-tell me, and never fear."

Not one on 'em ever answered, but presently Ben goes out,
And the others slinks away like, and I says: "What's this about?
Why can't they tell me plainly as the poor old wife is dead?"
Then I fell again on the pillows, and I hid my achin' head!
I lay like that for a minute, till I heard a voice cry "John!"
And I thought it must be a vision as my weak eyes gazed upon;
For there by the bedside, standin' up and well was my wife,
And who do you think was with her? Why, Jack, as large as
life!

It was him as I'd saved from drownin' the night as the life-boat went

To the wreck of the Royal Helen; 'twas that as the vision meant. They'd brought us ashore together, he'd knelt by his mother's bed,

And the sudden joy had raised her like a miracle from the dead;
And mother and son together had nursed me back to life,
And my old eyes woke from darkness to look on my son and wife.

Jack? He's our right hand now, sir; 'twas Providence pulled him through—

He's allus the first aboard her when the life-boat wants a crew.

W. R. Sims.

WHAT INTEMPERANCE DOES.

I AM aware there is a prejudice against any man engaged in the manufacture of alcohol. I believe from the time it issues from the coiled and poisonous worm in the distillery until it empties into the hell of death, that it is demoralizing to every body that touches it, from the source to where it ends. I do not believe that anybody can contemplate the subject without being prejudiced against the crime. All they have to do is to think of the wrecks on either side of the stream of death, of the suicides, of the insanity, of the poverty, of

the destruction; of the little children tugging at the breast, of weeping and despairing wives asking for bread of the men struggling with imaginary serpents produced by this devilish thing; and when you think of the jails, of the alms-houses, of the asylums, of the prisons, and of the scaffolds, on either bank, I do not wonder that every thoughtful man is prejudiced against this vile stuff called alcohol.

Intemperance cuts down youth in its vigor, manhood in its strength, and age in its weakness. It breaks the father's heart, bereaves the doting mother, extinguishes natural affection, erases conjugal love, blots out filial attachment, blights parental hope, and brings down mourning age in sorrow to the grave. It produces weakness, not strength; sickness, not health; death, not life. It makes wives widows, children orphans, fathers fiends, and all of them paupers and beggars. It feeds rheumatism, nurses gout, welcomes epidemics, invites cholera. imports pestilence, and embraces consumption. covers the land with idleness, poverty, disease and crime. It fills your jails, supplies your almshouses, and demands your asylums. It engenders controversies, fosters quarrels, and cherishes riots. It crowds your penitentiaries, and furnishes the victims for your scaffolds. It is the life-blood of the gambler, the aliment of the counterfeiter, the prop of the highwayman, and the support of the midnight incendiary. It countenances the liar, respects the thief, and esteems the blasphemer. It violates obligation, reverences fraud, and honors infamy. It defames benevolence, hates love, scorns virtue, and slanders innocence. It incites the father to butcher his helpless offspring, helps the

husband to massacre his wife, and aids the child to grind the parricidal axe. It burns up man and consumes woman, detests life, curses God, and despises It suborns witnesses, nurses perjury, defiles the jury-box, and stains the judicial ermine. It bribes voters, disqualifies votes, corrupts elections, pollutes our institutions, and endangers our Government. degrades the citizen, debases the legislator, dishonors the statesman, and disarms the patriot. It brings shame, not honor; terror, not safety; despair, not hope; misery, not happiness. And with the malevolence of a fiend it calmly surveys its frightful desolations; and insatiated with havoc, it poisons felicity, kills peace, ruins morals, blights confidence, slays reputation, and wipes out national honor, then curses the world and laughs at its ruin.

It does all that and more. It murders the soul. It is the sum of all villanies; the father of crimes; the mother of all abominations; the curse of curses; the devil's best friend, and God's worst enemy.—Robert G. Ingersoll.

UNCLE IKE'S ROOSTERS.

Las' Sunday while I'se settin' on de bench beside de do',
An' feelin' sort o' chilly, kase de sun was gittin' low,
An' wishin' dat de winter time wa'nt comin' on so fas',
For I pintly hates de cuttin' ob a Janewary blas',—
I knows de one what's comin', too, is gwine be stingin' cold,
Kase de 'simmon trees is hangin' jest as full as dey can hold.
De pigs is 'gun der squealin', when de keen win' cut 'em so,
An' de wild geese, like der betters, all is flyin' "westward, ho!"

I was studyin' 'bout dem 'ar signs, as 'pon de bench I sot, When I see my two young roosters come a-struttin' 'cross de lot; Dey was showin' off der elegance, an' dandefyin' ways, Jus' like me an' my old mars'r used to do in courtin' days; De maskelines is all alike, whareber dey is foun', Dey all will strut an' show dersef when hens is knockin' roun'.

One rooster he was black-like, wid some red upon he wing;
Rale ole Virginny game stock, dat kin beat mos' anything;
T'other one was game, too, ob de bery self-same breed,
Dey was bofe de same hen's chickens, an' was raised upon one feed.

De las' one was de han'somest, he had a golden bres', An' he nake an' back was yaller, like Melindy's Sunday dres'.

I know jes f'um de minute dem two roosters come in sight Dat bofe o' 'em was longin' and a-spilin' for a fight. Dey crowed at one anudder, and dey wall up bofe der eyes, Jus' de same as politicians when de 'citement 'gins to rise; Dey was bristlin' an' sparrin' out dar in de open space, When a big ole 'bacca worrum come a-trabbling by in haste, Like he had a heap o' business for de public on his min', Or was runnin' for an office, wid his 'ponent close behin'.

No matter what he business was, dem roosters spied him out, An' bofe pounce down upon him wid a crowin' sort o' shout Der bills hit up togedder 'pon de 'bacca worrum's back, An' dey butt 'gin one anudder wid a mighty yearnest whack; Bofe let go de worrum, in der anger an' surprise, An' stared at one anudder wid der fury-flashin' eyes.

Den dey buckled to de business like der min' were set at res'; Dey was fightin' for "a principle" an' boun' to do der bes'. Each knowed the worrum was his'n an' de odder was a thief, An' greedy and rapacious, too, an' mean beyond belief; Each thought the other's sassiness was past all stanin', too (An' den de hens was watchin' fer to see de fightin' fru).

Dey fit and fit untwill de blood was runnin' from der head, An' I thought I'd hab to part 'em fo' dey kill one 'nudder dead. I had just got up to do it when I see'd de big black hen
Jus' a-gobblin' up de worrum dat had made de fuss begin.
I bus' right out a-larfin' as I grab dem chickens' leg,
An' turn two boxes ober dem to cool 'em down a peg;
It seem so awful foolish-like for dem to fight and squirm,
An' dat ole hen come walkin' 'long an' gobble up de worrum.

Aaron W. Fredericks.

THE CHARITY DINNER.

TIME: half past six o'clock. Place: The London Tavern. Occasion: Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

On entering the room, we find more than two hundred noblemen and gentlemen already assembled; and the number is increasing every minute. The preparations are now complete, and we are in readiness to receive the chairman. After a short pause, a little door at the end of the room opens, and the great man appears, attended by an admiring circle of stewards and toadies, carrying white wands like a parcel of charity-school boys bent on beating the bounds. He advances smilingly to his post at the principal table, amid deafening and long-continued cheers.

The dinner now makes its appearance, and we yield up ourselves to the enjoyments of eating and drinking. These important duties finished, and grace having been beautifully sung by the vocalists, the real business of the evening commences. The usual loyal toasts having been given, the noble chairman rises, and, after passing his fingers through his hair, he places his thumbs in the armholes of his waistcoat, gives a short preparatory

cough, accompanied by a vacant stare around the room, and commences as follows:—

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN :- It is with feelings of mingled pleasure and regret that I appear before you this evening: of pleasure, to find that this excellent and world-wide-known society is in so promising a condition; and of regret, that you have not chosen a worthier chairman; in fact, one who is more capable than myself of dealing with a subject of such vital importance as this. (Loud cheers.) But, although I may be unworthy of the honor, I am proud to state that I have been a subscriber to this society from its commencement; feeling sure that nothing can tend more to the advancement of civilization, social reform, fireside comfort, and domestic economy among the Cannibals, than the diffusion of blankets and top-boots. (Tremendous cheering, which lasts for several minutes.) Here, in this England of ours, which is an island surrounded by water, as I suppose you all know-or, as our great poet so truthfully and beautifully expresses the same fact, 'England bound in by the triumphant sea' -what, down the long vista of years, have conduced more to our successes in arms, and arts, and song, than blankets? Indeed, I never gaze upon a blanket without my thoughts reverting fondly to the days of my early Where should we all have been now but for those warm and fleecy coverings? My Lords and Gentlemen! Our first and tender memories are all associated with blankets: blankets when in our nurses' arms, blankets in our cradles, blankets in our cribs. blankets to our French bedsteads in our school-days, and blankets to our marital four-posters now. Therefore, I say, it becomes our bounden duty as men—and, with feelings of pride, I add, as Englishmen—to initiate the untutored savage, the wild and somewhat uncultivated denizen of the prairie, into the comfort and warmth of blankets; and to supply him, as far as practicable, with those reasonable, seasonable, luxurious, and useful appendages. At such a moment as this, the lines of another poet strike familiarly upon the ear. Let me see, they are something like this—ah—ah—

"Blankets have charms to soothe the savage breast, And to—to do—a—"

I forget the rest. (Loud cheers.) Do we grudge our money for such a purpose? I answer fearlessly, No! Could we spend it better at home? I reply most emphatically, No! True, it may be said that there are thousands of our own people who at this moment are wandering about the streets of this great metropolis without food to eat or rags to cover them. But what have we to do with them? Our thoughts, our feelings, and our sympathies are all wafted on the wings of charity to the dear and interesting Cannibals in the far-off islands of the great Pacific Ocean. (Hear, hear.) Besides, have not our own poor the workhouses to go to; the luxurious straw of the casual wards to repose upon, if they please; mutton broth to bathe in; and the ever toothsome, although somewhat scanty allowance of 'toke' provided for them! If people choose to be poor, is it our business? And let it ever be remembered that our own people are not savages and man-eaters; and, therefore, our philanthropy would be wasted upon them. (Overwhelming applause.) To return to our subject. Perhaps some person or persons here may wonder why we should not send out sidesprings and bluchers, as well as top-boots. To those I will say, that top-boots alone answer the object desired-namely, not only to keep the feet dry, but the legs warm, and thus to combine the double uses of shoes and stockings. Is it not an instance of the remarkable foresight of this society, that it purposely abstains from sending out any other than top-boots? To show the gratitude of the Cannibals, for the benefits conferred upon them, I will just mention that, within the last few weeks, his illustrious Majesty, Hokee Pokey Wankey Fum the First-surnamed by his loving subjects 'The Magnificent,' from the fact of his wearing, on Sundays, a shirt-collar and an eye-glass as full court costumehas forwarded the president of the society a very handsome present, consisting of two live alligators, a boa constrictor, and three pots of preserved Indian, to be eaten with toast; and I am told by competent judges, that it is quite equal to Russian caviare.

"My Lords and Gentlemen—I will not trespass on your patience by making any further remarks; knowing how incompetent I am—no, no! I don't mean that—knowing how incompetent you all are—no! I don't mean that either—but you all know what I mean. Like the ancient Roman lawgiver, I am in a peculiar position; for the fact is, I cannot sit down—I mean to say, that I cannot sit down without saying that, if there ever was an institution, it is this institution; and, therefore, I beg to propose, 'Prosperity to the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.'"

The toast having been cordially responded to, his lordship calls upon Mr. Duffer, the secretary, to read the report. Whereupon that gentleman, who is of a bland and oily temperament, and whose eyes are concealed by a pair of green spectacles, produces the necessary document, and reads in the orthodox manner—

"Thirtieth Half-yearly Report of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots to the Natives of the Cannibal Islands.

"The society having now reached its fifteenth anniversary, the committee of management beg to congratulate their friends and subscribers on the success that has been attained.

"When the Society first commenced its labors, the generous and noble-minded natives of the islands, together with their King—a chief whose name is well known in connection with one of the most sterling and heroic ballads of this country—attired themselves in the light but somewhat insufficient costume of their tribe—viz., little before, nothing behind, and no sleeves, with the occasional addition of a pair of spectacles; but now, thanks to this useful association, the upper classes of the Cannibals seldom appear in public without their bodies being enveloped in blankets, and their feet encased in top-boots.

"When the latter useful articles were first introduced into the islands, the society's agents had a vast amount of trouble to prevail upon the natives to apply them to their proper purpose; and, in their work of civilization, no less than twenty of its representatives were massacred, roasted, and eaten. But we persevered; we overcame the natural antipathy of the Cannibals to

wear any covering to their feet; until, after a time, the natives discovered the warmth and utility of boots; and now they can scarcely be induced to remove them until they fall off through old age.

"During the past half-year, the society has distributed no less than 71 blankets and 128 pairs of top-boots; and your committee, therefore, feel convinced that they will not be accused of inaction. But a great work is still before them; and they earnestly invite co-operation, in order that they may be enabled to supply the whole of the Cannibals with these comfortable, nutritious and savory articles.

"As the balance sheet is rather a lengthy document, I will merely quote a few of the figures for your satis-We have received, during the last half-year, in subscriptions, donations, and legacies, the sum of 5,4031. 6s. 8 3-4d. We have disbursed for advertising. etc., 2221. 6s. 2d. Rent, rates, and taxes, 3051. 10s. 1-4d. Seventy-one pairs of blankets, at 20s. per pair, have taken 71% exactly; and 128 pairs of top-boots, at 21s. per pair, cost us 134l. some odd shillings. The salaries and expenses of management amount to 1,307%. 45. 2 1-2d.; and sundries, which include committee meetings and travelling expenses, have absorbed the remainder of the sum, and amount to 3,2681. 9s. 1 3-4d. So that we have expended on the dear and interesting Cannibals the sum of 2051. and the remainder of the sum—amounting to 5,1981.—has been devoted to the working expenses of the society."

The reading concluded, the secretary resumes his seat, amid hearty applause, which continues until Mr. Alderman Gobbleton rises, and, in a somewhat lengthy

and discursive speech—in which the phrases "the Corporation of the City of London," "suit and service," "ancient guild," "liberties and privileges," and "Court of Common Council," figure frequently, states that he agrees with everything the noble chairman has said; and has, moreover, never listened to a more comprehensive and exhaustive document than the one just read; which is calculated to satisfy even the most obtuse and hard-headed of individuals.

Gobbleton is a great man in the city. He has either been lord mayor, sheriff, or something of the sort; and, as a few words of his go a long way with his friends and admirers, his remarks are very favorably received.

"Clever man, Gobbleton!" says a common councilman, sitting near us, to his neighbor, a languid swell of the period.

"Ya-as, vewy! Wemarkable style of owatowy—gweat fluency," replies the other.

But attention, if you please!—for M. Hector de Longuebeau, the great French writer, is on his legs. He is staying in England for a short time, to become acquainted with our manners and customs.

"MILORS AND GENTLEMANS!" commences the Frenchman, elevating his eyebrows and shrugging his shoulders. "Milors and Gentlemans—You excellent chairman, M. le Baron de Mount-Stuart, he have say to me, 'Make de toast.' Den I say to him dat I have no toast to make; but he nudge my elbow ver soft, and say sat dere is von toast dat nobody but von Frenchman can make proper; and, derefore, wid your kind permission, I vill make de toast. 'De brevete is de sole of de feet,' as you great philosophere, Dr. Johnson,

do say, in dat amusing little vork of his, de Pronouncing Dictionnaire; and, derefore, I vill not say ver moch to de point. Ven I vas a boy, about so moch tall, and used for to promenade de streets of Marseilles et of Rouen, vid no feet to put onto my shoe, I nevare to have expose dat dis day vould to have arrive. I vas to begin de vorld as von garçon-or, vat you call in dis countrie, von vaitaire in a café—vere I vork ver hard, vid no habillemens at all to put onto myself, and ver little food to eat, excep' von old blue blouse vat vas give to me by de proprietaire, just for to keep myself fit to be showed at; but, tank goodness, tings dey have changé ver moch for me since dat time, and I have rose myself, seulement par mon industrie et perseverance. (Loud cheers.) Ah! mes amis! ven I hear to myself de flowing speech, de oration magnifique of you Lor' Maire, Monsieur Gobbledown, I feel dat it is von great privilege for von étranger to sit at de same table, and to eat de same food, as dat grand, dat majestique man, who are de terreur of de voleurs and de brigands of de metropolis; and who is also, I for to supposé, a halterman and de chef of you common scoundrel. Milors and gentlemans, I feel dat I can perspire to no greatare honneur dan to be von common scoundrelman myself; but hélas! dat plaisir are not for me, as I are not freeman of your great cité, not von liveryman servant of von of you compagnies joint-stock. But I must not forget de toast. Milors and Gentlemans! De immortal Shakispeare he have write, 'De ting of beauty are de joy for nevermore.' It is de ladies who are de toast. Vat is more entrancing dan de charmante smile, de soft voice de vinking eye of de beautiful lady! It is

de ladies who do sweeten de cares of life. It is de ladies who are de guiding stars of our existence. It is de ladies who do cheer but not inebriate, and, derefore, vid all homage to dere sex, de toast dat I have to propose is, 'De Ladies! God bless dem all!'"

And the little Frenchman sits down amid a perfect tempest of cheers.

A few more toasts are given, the list of subscriptions is read, a vote of thanks is passed to the chairman; and the Fifteenth Annual Festival of the Society for the Distribution of Blankets and Top-Boots among the Natives of the Cannibal Islands is at an end.—Litch-field Mosely.

TO DRAW OR NOT TO DRAW.

To draw, or not to draw, that is the question. Whether 'tis safer in the play to take
The awful risk of skinning for a straight,
Or, standing pat, to raise 'em all the limit,
And thus, by bluffing, get it. To draw—to skin:
No more—and by that skin to get a full
Or two pair, or the fattest bouncin' kings
That luck is heir to—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To draw, to skin;
To skin! perchance to bust—ay, there's the rub!

For in that draw of three what cards may come When we have shuffled off the uncertain pack Must give us pause. There's the respect Which makes calamity of a bob-tailed flush, For who would bear the overwhelming blind, The reckless straddle, the wait on the edge, The insolence of pat hands, and the lifts That patient merit of the bluffer takes,

When he himself might be much better off By simply passing? What would treys-up hold, And go out on a small progressive raise? But that the dread of something after call, The undiscovered ace-full, to whose strength Such hands must bow, puzzles the will And makes us rather keep the chips we have Than be curious about hands we know not of? Thus bluffing doth make cowards of us all. And thus the native hue of a four-heart flush Is sicklied with some dark and cursed club, And speculators in a jack-pot's wealth, With this regard, their interest turn awry, And lose the right to open.

Anon.

SHIPWRECKED.

AS RECITED BY ALEX. J. BROWN.

BEFORE the wine-shop which o'erlooks the beach Sits Jean Goëllo, rough of mien and speech; Our coast-guard now, whose arm was shot away In the great fight in Navarino Bay; Puffing his pipe, he slowly sips his grog, And spins sea-yarns to many an old sea-dog Sitting around him.

Yes, lads—hear him say— Tis sixty years ago this very day Since I first went to sea; on board, you know, Of La Belle Honorine—lost long ago— An old three-masted tub, rotten almost, Just fit to burn, bound for the Guinea coast. We set all sail. The breeze was fair and stiff.

My boyhood had been passed 'neath yonder cliff, Where an old man—my uncle, so he said— Kept me at prawning for my daily bread. At night he came home drunk. Such kicks and blows!

Ah me! what children suffer no man knows!

But once at sea 'twas ten times worse, I found. I learned to take, to bear, and make no sound. First place, our ship was in the negro trade, And once off land, no vain attempts were made At secrecy. Our captain after that (Round as an egg) was liberal of the cat. The rope's-end, cuffs, kicks, blows, all fell on me. I was ship's boy-'twas natural, you see-And as I went about the decks my arm Was always raised to fend my face from harm. No man had pity. Blows and stripes always, For sailors knew no better in those days Than to thrash boys, till those who lived at last As able seamen shipped before the mast. I ceased to cry. Tears brought me no relief. I think I might have perished of mute grief, Had not God sent a friend-a friend-to me. Sailors believe in God-one must at sea. On board that ship a God of mercy then Had placed a dog among those cruel men. Like me, he shunned their brutal kicks and blows. We soon grew friends, fast friends, true friends, God knows. He was Newfoundland. Black, they called him there. His eyes were golden brown, and black his hair. He was my shadow from that blessed night When we made friends; and by the star's half-light, When all the forecastle was fast asleep, And our men "caulked their watch," I used to creep With Black among some boxes stowed on deck, And with my arms clasped tightly round his neck, I used to cry and cry, and press my head Close to the heart grieved by the tears I shed. Night after night I mourned our piteous case, While Black's large tongue licked my poor tear-stained face.

Poor Black! I think of him so often still! At first we had fair winds our sails to fill. But one hot night, when all was calm and mute. Our skipper-a good sailor, though a brute-Gave a long look over the vessel's side. Then to the steersman whispered, half aside, "See that ox-eye out yonder? It looks queer." The man replied, "The storm will soon be here." "Hullo! All hands on deck! We'll be prepared. Stow royals! Reef the courses! Pass the word!" Vain! The squall broke ere we could shorten sail: We lowered the topsails, but the raging gale Spun our old ship about. The captain roared His orders-lost in the great noise on board. The devil was in that squall! But all men could To save their ship we did. Do what we would. The gale grew worse and worse. She sprang a leak: Her hold filled fast. We found we had to seek Some way to save our lives. "Lower a boat!" The captain shouted. Before one would float Our ship broached to. The strain had broke her back. Like a whole broadside boomed the awful crack. She settled fast.

Landsmen can have no notion
Of how it feels to sink beneath the ocean.
As the blue billows closed above our deck,
And with slow motion swallowed down the wreck,
I saw my past life, by some flash, outspread,
Saw the old port, its ships, its old pier-head,
My own bare feet, the rocks, the sandy shore—
Salt-water filled my mouth—I saw no more.

I did not struggle much—I could not swim. .
I sank down deep, it seemed—drowned but for him—For Black, I mean—who seized my jacket tight,
And dragged me out of darkness back to light.
The ship was gone—the captain's gig afloat;
By one brave tug he brought me near the boat.

I seized the gunwale, sprang on board, and drew My friend in after me. Of all our crew, The dog and I alone survived the gale: Afloat with neither rudder, oars, nor sail!

Boy though I was, my heart was brave and stout, Yet when the storm had blown its fury out, I saw—with who can tell what wild emotion}—That if we met no vessel in mid-ocean, There was no help for us—all hope was gone: We were afloat—boy, dog—afloat alone! We had been saved from drowning but to die Of thirst and hunger—my poor Black and I. No biscuit in the well-swept locker lay; No keg of water had been stowed away, Like those on the Medusa's raft. I thought... Bah! that's enough. A story is best short.

For five long nights, and longer dreadful days,
We floated onward in a tropic haze.
Fierce hunger gnawed us with its cruel fangs,
And mental anguish with its keener pangs.
Each morn I hoped; each night, when hope was gone,
My poor dog licked me with his tender tongue.

Under the blazing sun and star-lit night
I watched in vain. No sail appeared in sight.
Round us the blue spread wider, bluer, higher.
The fifth day my parched throat was all on fire,
When something suddenly my notice caught—
Black, crouching, shivering, underneath athwart.
He looked—his dreadful look no tongue can tell—
And his kind eyes glared like coals of hell!
"Here, Black! old fellow! here!" I cried in vain.

He looked me in the face and crouched again.

I rose; he snarled, drew back. How piteously
His eyes entreated help! He snapped at me!

"What can this mean?" I cried, yet shook with fear,
With that great shudder felt when Death is near.

Black seized the gunwale with his teeth. I saw Thick slimy foam drip from his awful jaw.

Then I knew all! Five days of tropic heat, Without one drop of drink, one scrap of meat, Had made him rabid. He whose courage had Preserved my life, my messmate, friend, was mad!

You understand? Can you see him and me, The open boat tossed on a brassy sea, A child and a wild beast on board alone, While overhead streams down the tropic sun And the boy crouching, trembling for his life?

I searched my pockets and I drew my knife—For every one instinctively, you know,
Defends his life. Twas time I did so,
For at that moment, with a furious bound,
The dog flew at me. I sprang half around.
He missed me in blind haste. With all my might
I seized his neck, and grasped, and held him tight.
I felt him writhe and try to bite, as he
Struggled beneath the pressure of my knee.
His red eyes rolled; sighs heaved his shining coat.
I plunged my knife three times in his poor throat.

And so I killed my friend. I had but one! What matters how, after that deed was done, They picked me up half dead, drenched in his gore, And took me back to France?

Need I say more?

I have killed men—ay, many—in my day, Without remorse—for sailors must obey. One of a squad, once in Barbadoes, I Shot my own comrade when condemned to die. I never dream of him, for that was war. Under old Magon, too, at Trafalgar, I hacked the hands of English boarders. Ten My axe lopped off. I dream not of those men.

At Plymouth, in a prison-hulk, I slew
Two English jailers, stabbed them through and through—
I did—confound them! But yet even now
The death of Black, although so long ago,
Upsets me. I'll not sleep to-night. It brings. . . .

Here, boy! Another glass! We'll talk of other things.

François Copple.

THE STORY OF THE FAITHFUL SOUL.

THE fettered spirits linger
In purgatorial pain,
With penal fires effacing
Their last faint earthly stain,
Which Life's imperfect sorrow
Had tried to cleanse in vain.

Yet, on each feast of Mary,
Their sorrow finds release,
For the Great Archangel Michael
Comes down and bids it cease;
And the name of these brief respites
Is called "Our Lady's Peace."

Yet once—so runs the legend— When the Archangel came, And all these holy spirits Rejoiced at Mary's name, One voice alone was wailing, Still wailing on the same.

And though a great Te Deum
The happy echoes woke,
This one discordant wailing
Through the sweet voices broke:
So when St. Michael questioned,
Thus the poor spirit spoke:

"I am not cold or thankless,
Although I still complain;
I prize our Lady's blessing,
Although it comes in vain
To still my bitter anguish,
Or quench my ceaseless pain.

"On earth a heart that loved me Still lives and mourns me there, And the shadow of his anguish Is more than I can bear; All the torment that I suffer Is the thought of his despair.

"The evening of my bridal,
Death took my life away;
Not all love's passionate pleading
Could gain an hour's delay,
And he I left has suffered
A whole year since that day.

"If I could only see him—
If I could only go
And speak one word of comfort
And solace—then I know
He would endure with patience,
And strive against his woe."

Thus the Archangel answered:
"Your time of pain is brief,
And soon the peace of Heaven
Will give you full relief;
Yet if his earthly comfort
So much outweighs your grief,

"Then through a special mercy
I offer you this grace—
You may seek him who mourns you,
And look upon his face,
And speak to him of comfort
For one short minute's space,

"But when that time is ended, Return here, and remain A thousand years in torment, A thousand years in pain; Thus dearly must you purchase The comfort he will gain."

The lime-trees' shade at evening
Is spreading broad and wide;
Beneath their fragrant arches,
Pace slowly, side by side,
In low and tender converse,
A Bridegroom and his Bride.

The night is calm and stilly,

No other sound is there

Except their happy voices;

What is that cold bleak air

That passes through the lime-trees,

And stirs the Bridegroom's hair?

While one low cry of anguish,
Like the last dying wail
Of some dumb, hunted creature,
Is borne upon the gale—
Why does the Bridegroom shudder
And turn so deathly pale?

Near Purgatory's entrance
The radiant angels wait;
It was the great St. Michael
Who closed that gloomy gate,
When the poor wandering spirit
Came back to meet her fate.

76 ORATION ON THE "LABOR" QUESTION.

"Pass on," thus spoke the Angel;
"Heaven's joy is deep and vast;
Pass on, pass on, poor spirit,
For heaven is yours at last;
In that one minute's anguish
Your thousand years have passed."

Adelaide Procter.

ORATION ON THE "LABOR" QUESTION.

AS RECITED BY MR. GEORGE S. KNIGHT, IN HIS CELE-BRATED IMPERSONATION OF "OTTO, THE GERMAN."

"I HAVE forgodden my nodes. Ve'll, eh-led us gome back to der beginnin of der vorld. Dere is more dings to dalk aboud ef we go back so var, or to the fifteenth cemetery. Vell, vell, led us begin mid poedry. I always like to begin mid poedry. Vot vos dot mon's name; you knowd dot mon-dot, dot Englishmondot wrode about der 'Crimean Var,' about 'chargin' it, buttin der slade, or somedings,-oh, vot vos dot mon's name? (Counting on his fingers.) Tree und tree vos sigs, and doo is eighdt, und doo is den,-ah! Dennyson is der man,—I'se never forgot my mademadics. He wrode dose onspirin vords: 'How dose der little buziness bee delighdt ter bark und bide! He gedders beesvax all der day, und-und eads it ub ad night.' Vell, dot is vot I say; vot is der use of one of dose little unsicnivicant bumbley, bumbley-vell, vell, let dot be. I gould dalk dot vay fer doo hours, but I won't doo it. Let dis go back to der beginnin, und I'll make it as plain as ever vas. Vot is der Constituation of der Unided Stades say about der vittles? Ach, ach, I'se got so

oxcided ven I spoke about dose dings. If a boor hard vorkin man—now dot is anoder dings. If a boor hard vorkin man come to dis country—somedimes he doandt come—I see dot is nodin. If he is full, vell, somedimes I haff been dot way myself. But I gare nodin bout such dings. If he is—vell, I guess I am stuck."—Geo. S. Knight.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POOR-HOUSE.

Over the hill to the poor-house I'm trudgin' my weary way—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house—I can't quite make it clear Over the hill to the poor-house—it seems so horrid queer Many a step I've taken a-toiling to and fro, But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame? Am I lazy or crazy? Am I blind or lame? True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout; But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' an' anxious an' ready any day To work for a decent livin', an' pay my honest way; For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound, If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some—I was, upon my soul— Once my cheeks was roses, my eyes as black as coal; And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say, For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Taint no use of boastin', or talkin' over-free, But many a house an' home was open then to me; Many a han'some offer I had from likely men, And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

gAnd when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart, But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part; For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong, And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together: and life was hard, but gay, With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way; Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat, An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one, \text{\text{V}} Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done; Only, perhaps, we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn—

But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!

I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;

And God he made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,

I've noticed it sometimes, somehow, fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing: when our boys an' girls was grown, And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone; When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be, The Lord of Hosts he come one day, an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall—Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all; And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown, Till at last he went a-courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile— She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style; But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know; But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her; But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too fur; An' I told once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick), That I never swallowed a grammar, or 'et a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done— They was a family of themselves, and I another one; And a very little cottage one family will do, But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye, An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try; But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow, When Charley turn'd agin me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small, And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all; And what with her husband's sisters, and what with childr'n three, Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got, For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot; But all the childr'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West, And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles, at best; And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old, And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about— So they have well-nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out; But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down, Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childr'n dear, good-bye! Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh; And God 'll judge between us; but I will always pray That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

Will Carleton.

THE OCCUPANT OF "LOWER NO. 3."

AS RECITED BY JAS. S. BURDETT.

It was in the Cedar Rapids sleeper. Outside it was dark as the inside of an ink-bottle. In the sleeping car the people slept.

Or tried it.

Some of them slept, like Christian men and women, peacefully and sweetly and quietly.

Others slept like demons, malignantly, hideously, fiendishly, as though it was their mission to keep everybody else awake.

Of these the man in lower number three was the "boss." When it came to the square snore with variations you wanted to count "lower three" in—with a full hand and a pocket full of rocks.

We never heard anything snore like him. It was the most systematic snoring that was ever done, even on one of those tournaments of snoring, a sleeping-car. He didn't begin as soon as the lamps were turned down and everybody was in bed. Oh! No. There was more told-blooded diabolism in his system than that. He waited until everybody had had a little taste of sleep, just to see how good and pleasant it was, and then he broke in on their slumbers like a winged, breathing demon, and they never knew what peace was again that night.

He started out with a terrific

That opened every eye in the car. We all hoped it

[&]quot; Gn-r-r-t!"

was an accident, however, and trusting that he wouldn't do it again, we forgave him. Then he blasted our hopes and curdled the sweet serenity of our forgiveness by a long-drawn

" G-a-h-h-hah!"

That sounded too much like business to be accidental. Then every head in that sleepless sleeper was held off the pillow for a minute, waiting, in breathless suspense, to hear the worst, and the sleeper in "lower three" went on, in long-drawn, regular cadences that indicated good staying qualities.

"Gwa-a-ah! Gwa-a-ah! Gahwahwah! Gahwahwah! Gahwa-a-a-ah!"

Evidently it was going to last all night, and the weary heads dropped back on the sleepless pillows, and the swearing began. It mumbled along in low, muttering tones, like the distant echoes of a profane thunder storm. Pretty soon "lower three" gave us a little variation. He shot off a spiteful

"Gwook!"

Which sounded as though his nose had got mad at him and was going to strike. Then there was a pause, and we began to hope he had either awakened from sleep or strangled to death, nobody cared very particularly which. But he disappointed everybody with a guttural

"Gurooch!"

Then he paused again for breath, and when he had accumulated enough for his purpose he resumed business with a stentorious.

"Kowpff!"

That nearly shot the roof off the car. Then he went

on playing such fantastic tricks with his nose, and breaking things, that would make the immortal gods weep if they did but hear him. It seemed a matter incredible. It seemed an utter, preposterous impossibility that any human being could make the monstrous, hideous noises with its breathing machine that the fellow in "lower three" was making with his. He ran through all the ranges of the nasal gamut; he went up and down a very chromatic scale of snores; he ran through intricate and fearful variations, until it seemed that his nose must be out of joint in a thousand places. All the night through he told his story.

"Gawoh! gurrah! gu-r-r-r! kowpff! gawaw-wah! gawah-hah! gwock! gwarrt! gwah-h-h-ll whoof!"

Just as the other passengers had consulted together how they might slay him, morning dawned, and "lower number three" awoke. Everybody watched the curtain to see what manner of man it was that had made that beautiful sleeping-car a pandemonium. Presently the toilet was completed, the curtains parted, and "lower number three" stood revealed.

Great heavens! It was a fair young girl, with golden hair, and timid, pleading eyes, like a hunted fawn's !— Burlington Hawkeye.

NORA MURPHY AND THE SPIRITS.

Miss Honora Murphy, a young female engaged in the honorable and praiseworthy occupation of general housework merely to dispel *ennui*, not hearing in some time from the "bye at home" to whom she was engaged to be "marrid," was advised by the "gerri next doore" to consult the spirits. Miss Murphy objected at first on the ground that she had "taken her 'Father Matchew,' seventeen year afore in her parish church at home, an' niver drunk sperrits," but finally concluded to follow the advice. The result I shall give as detailed by her to her friend:

"How kem I by the black eye? Well, dear, I'll tell yer. Afther what yer wur tellin' me, I niver closed me eyes. The nixt marnin' I ast Maggie Harnahan, the upstairs gerrl, where was herself. 'In her boodoore,' sez Maggie, an' up I goes to her.

- "'What's wantin', Nora?' sez she.
- "'I've jist heerd as how me cousin's very sick,' sez I, 'an' I'm that frettin', I mus' go an' see her.'
- "' Fitter fur yer to go ter yer wurruk,' sez she, lookin' mighty crass, an' she the lazy hulks as niver does a turn from mornin' till night.
- "Well, dear, I niver takes sass from anny av 'em, so I ups an' tould her, 'Sorra taste av wurk I'll do the day, an' av yer don't like it, yer can fin' some wan else,' an I flounced mesel' out av the boodoore.

"Well, I wint to me room ter dress mesel', an' whin I got on me sale-shkin sack, I thought av me poor ould mother—may the hivins be her bed!—could only see me, how kilt she'd be intoirely. Whin I was dressed I wint down-stairs an' out the front doore, an' I tell yer I slammed it well after me.

"Well, me dear, whin I got ter the majum's, a big chap wid long hair and a baird like a billy-goat kem inter the room. Sez he:

[&]quot;'Do yer want ter see the majum?'

- "'I do,' sez I.
- "'Two dollars,' sez he.
- "'For what?' sez I.
- "'For the sayants,' sez he.
- "'Faix, it's no aunts I want ter see,' sez I, 'but Luke Corrigan's own self.' Well, me dear, wid that he gev a laugh ye'd think'd riz the roof.
 - "'Is he yer husban'?' sez he.
- "'It's mighty 'quistive ye are,' sez I; 'but he's not me husban', av yer want ter know, but I want ter larn av it's alive or dead he is, which the Lord forbid!'
 - "'Yer jist in the nick er time,' sez he.
- "'Faix, Ould Nick's here all the time, I'm thinkin', from what I hear,' sez I.
- "Well, ter make a long story short, I ped me two dollars, an' wint into another room, an' if ye'd guess from now till Aisther, ye'd never think what the majum was. As I'm standin' here, 'twas nothin' but a woman! I was that bet, I was a'most spacheless.
- "'Be sated, madam,' sez she, p'intin' to a chair, an' I seed at wanst that she was a very shuperior sort o' person. 'Be sated,' sez she. 'Yer mus' jine the circle.'
 - "'Faix, I'll ate a thriangle, av yer wish,' sez I.
 - "'Yer mus' be very quite,' sez she.

An' so I sot down along a lot av other folks at a table.

- "'First, I'll sing a him,' sez the majum, 'an' thin do all yees jine in the chorus.'
- "'Yer mus' axcuse me, ma'am,' sez I. 'I niver could sing, but rather than spile the divarshun o' the company, av any wan'll whistle, I'll dance as purty a jig as ye'll see from here to Bal'nasloe, though it's mesel' as sez it.'

- "Two young whipper-snappers begin ter laugh, but the luk I gev 'em soon shut them up.
- "Jist then, the big chap as had me two dollars kem into the room an' turned down the lights; in a minit the majūm, shtickin' her face close to me own, whispers:
 - "'The sperrits is about—I kin feel 'em!'
- "'Thrue for you, ma'am,' sez I, 'fur I kin smell'em!'
- "'Hush, the influence is an me,' sez the majum. 'I kin see the lion an' the lamb lying down together.'
 - "" Begorra! It's like a wild beastess show,' sez I.
- "'Will yer be quite?' sez an ould chap nex' ter me.
 'I hev a question to ax.'
- "'Ax yer question,' sez I, 'an' I'll ax mine. I ped me two dollars, an' I'll not be put down.'
- "'Plaze be quite,' sez the majum, 'or the sperrits 'll lave.'
 - "Jist then came a rap on the table.
- "'Is that the sperrit of Luke Corrigan?' sez the majum.
- "'It is not,' sez I, 'for he could bate any boy in Killballyowen, an' if his fist hit that table 'twould knock it to smithereens.'
 - "'Whist!' sez the majum; 'it's John's Bunions.'
- "'Ax him 'bout his progress,' sez a woman wid a face like a bowl of stirabout.
- "'Ah, bathershin!' sez I. 'Let John's bunions alone, and bring Luke Corrigan to the fore.'
- "'Hish!' whispers the majum; 'I feel a sperrit nare me.'
- "'Feel av it has a wart on its nose,' sez I, 'for be that token ye'll know it's Luke.'

- "'The moment is suspicious,' sez the majum.
- "'I hope yer don't want to asperge me character,' sez I.
 - "'Whist!' sez she; 'the sperrits is droopin'.'
- "'It's droppin' yer mane,' sez I, pickin' up a small bottle she let fall from her pocket.
 - "'Put that woman out,' sez an ould chap.
- "'Who do ye call a woman?' sez I. 'Lay a finger on me, an' I'll scratch a map of the County Clare on yer ugly phiz.'
- "'Put her out!' 'Put her out!' sez two or three others, an they med a lep for me. But, holy rocket! I was up in a minute.
- "'Bring an yer fightin' sperrits,' I cried, 'from Julius Sazar to Tim Macoul, an' I'll bate 'em all, for the glory of Ireland!'
- "The big chap as had me money kem behin' me, an' put his elbow in me eye; but, me jewel, I tassed him over as ef he'd bin a feather, an' the money rowled out his pocket. Wid a cry of 'Faugh-a-ballah!' I grabbed six dollars, runned out av the doore, an' I'll niver put fut in the house again. An' that's how I kem be the eye."—Henry Hatton.

MY NEIGHBOR'S BABY.

Across in my neighbor's window,
With its drapings of satin and lace,
I see, 'neath his flowing ringlets,
A baby's innocent face.

His feet, in crimson slippers,
Are tapping the polished glass,
And the crowd in the street look upward,
And nod and smile as they pass.

Just here in my cottage window,
Catching flies in the sun,
With a patched and faded apron,
Stands my own little one.
His face is as pure and handsome
As the baby's over the way,
And he keeps my heart from breaking
At my toiling every day.

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Sometimes when the day is ended,
And I sit in the dusk to rest,
With the face of my sleeping darling
Hugged close to my lonely breast,
I pray that my neighbor's baby
May not catch Heaven's roses all,
But that some may crown the forehead
Of my loved one as they fall.

And when I draw the stockings
From his little weary feet,
And kiss the rosy dimples
In his limbs, so round and sweet,
I think of the dainty garments
Some little children wear,
And that my God withholds them
From mine so pure and fair.

May God forgive my envy—
I know not what I said;
My heart is crushed and troubled—
My neighbor's boy is dead!
I saw the little coffin
As they carried it out to-day;—
A mother's heart is breaking
In the mansion over the way,

The light is fair in my window;
The flowers bloom at my door;
My boy is chasing the sunbeams
That dance on the cottage floor;
The roses of health are blooming
On my darling's cheek to-day,
But the baby is gone from the window
Of the mansion over the way.—Anon.

CONNOR.

"To the memory of Patrick Connor; this simple stone was erected by his fellow-workmen."

THOSE words you may read any day upon a white slab in a cemetery not many miles from New York; but you might read them a hundred times without guessing at the little tragedy they indicate, without knowing the humble romance which ended with the placing of that stone above the dust of one poor, humble man.

In his shabby frieze jacket and mud-laden brogans, he was scarcely an attractive object as he walked into Mr. Bawne's great tin and hardware shop one day and presented himself at the counter with an—

"I've been tould ye advertised for hands, yer honor."

"Fully supplied, my man," said Mr. Bawne, not lifting his head from his account book.

. "I'd work faithfully, sir, and take low wages, till I could do better, and I'd learn—I would that."

It was an Irish brogue, and Mr. Bawne always declared that he never would employ an incompetent hand.

myet the tone attracted him. He turned briskly, and

with his pen behind his ear, addressed the man, who was only one of fifty who had answered his advertisement for four workmen that morning.

- "What makes you expect to learn faster than other folks—are you any smarter?"
- "I'll not say that," said the man, "but I'd be wishing to; and that would make it aisier."
 - "Are you used to the work?"
 - " I've done a bit of it."
 - " Much?"
 - "No, yer honor. I'll tell no lie; Tim O'Toole hadn't the like of this place; but I know a bit about tins."
 - "You are too old for an apprentice, and you'd be in the way, I calculate," said Mr. Bawne, looking at the brawny arms and bright eyes that promised strength and intelligence. "Besides, I know your countrymen lazy, good-for-nothing fellows, who never do their best. No, I've been taken in by Irish hands before, and I wont have another."

"The Virgin will have to be after bringing them over to me in her two arms, thin," said the man, despairingly, "for I've tramped all the day for the last fortnight, and niver a job can I get, and that's the last penny I have, yer honor, and it's but a half one."

As he spoke he spread his palm open, with an English half-penny in it.

"Bring whom over?" asked Mr. Bawne, arrested by the odd speech, as he turned upon his heel and turned back again.

- "Jist Nora and Jamesy."
- "Who are thev?"

"The wan's me wife, the other me child," said the man.
"O, masther, just thry me. How'll I bring 'em over to me, if no one will give me a job? I want to be airning, and the whole big city seems against it, and me with arms like them!" He bared his arms to the shoulder as he spoke, and Mr. Bawne looked at them, and then at his face.

"I'll hire you for a week," he said; "and now as it's noon, go down to the kitchen and tell the girl to get you some dinner—a hungry man can't work."

With an Irish blessing the new hand obeyed, while Mr. Bawne, untying his apron, went up stairs to his own meal. Suspicious as he was of the new hand's integrity and ability, he was agreeably disappointed. Connor worked hard and actually learned fast. At the end of the week he was engaged permanently, and soon was the best workman in the shop.

He was a great talker but not fond of drink or wasting money. As his wages grew, he hoarded every penny, and wore the same shabby clothes in which he had made his first appearance.

"Beer costs money," he said one day, "and ivery cint I spind puts off the bringing Nora and Jamesy over; and as for clothes, them I have must do me. Better no coat to my back than no wife and boy by my fireside; and anyhow, it's slow work saving."

It was slow work, but he kept at it all the same. Other men, thoughtless and full of fun, tried to make him drink; made a jest of his saving habits, coaxed him to accompany them to places of amusement, or to share in their Sunday frolics.

All in vain. Connor liked beer, liked fun, liked companionship; but he would not delay that long-looked-for bringing of Nora over, and was not "mane enough" to accept favor of others. He kept his way, a martyr to his one great wish, living on little, working at night on any extra job that he could earn a few shillings by, running errands in his noon-tide hours of rest, and talking to any one who would listen to him of his one great hope, and of Nora and little Jamesy.

At first the men, who prided themselves on being all Americans, and on turning out the best work in the city, made a sort of butt of Connor, whose wild Irish ways and verdancy were indeed often laughable. But he won their hearts at last, and one day, mounting a workbench, he shook his little bundle, wrapped in a red handkerchief, before their eyes, and shouted, "Look, boys; I've got the whole at last! I'm going to bring Nora and Jamesy over at last! Whorooo!! I've got it at last!!!" All felt sympathy in his joy, and each grasped his great hand in cordial congratulations, and one proposed to treat all round, and drink a good voyage to Nora.

They parted in a merry mood, most of the men going to comfortable homes. But poor Connor's resting-place was a poor lodging-house, where he shared a crazy garret with four other men, and in the joy of his heart the poor fellow exhibited his handkerchief, with his hard-earned savings tied up in a wad in the middle, before he put it under his pillow and fell asleep.

When he awakened in the morning, he found his treasure gone; some villain, more contemptible than most bad men, had robbed him. At first Connor could not even believe it lost. He searched every corner of the room, shook his quilt and blankets, and begged those about him "to quit joking, and give it back."

But at last he realized the truth.

"Is any man that bad, that it's thaved from me?" he asked, in a breathless way. "Boys, is any man that bad?" And some one answered: "No doubt of it, Connor; it's sthole."

Then Connor put his head down on his hands and lifted up his voice and wept. It was one of those sights which men never forget. It seemed more than he could bear, to have Nora and his child "put," as he expressed it, "months away from him again."

But when he went to work that day it seemed to all who saw him that he had picked up a new determination. His hands were never idle. His face seemed to say, "I'll have Nora with me yet."

At noon he scratched out a letter, blotted and very strangely scrawled, telling Nora what had happened; and those who observed him noticed that he had no meat with his dinner. Indeed from that moment he lived on bread, potatoes and cold water, and worked as few men ever worked before. It grew to be the talk of the shop, and now that sympathy was excited, every one wanted to help Connor. Jobs were thrown in his way, kind words and friendly wishes helped him mightily; but no power could make him share the food or drink of any other workman. It seemed a sort of charity to him.

Still he was helped along. A present from Mr. Bawne at pay day set Nora, as he said, "a week nearer,"

and this and that and the other added to the little hoard. It grew faster than the first, and Connor's burden was not so heavy. At last, before he hoped it, he was once more able to say, "I'm going to bring them over," and to show his handkerchief in which, as before, he tied up his earnings; this time, however, only to his friends. Cautious among strangers, he hid the treasure, and kept his vest buttoned over it night and day until the tickets were bought and sent. Then every man, woman and child, capable of hearing or understanding, knew that Nora and her baby were coming.

There was John Jones, who had more of the brute in his composition than usually falls to the lot of man, would spend ten minutes of the noon hour in reading the Irish news to Connor. There was Tom Barker, the meanest man among the number, who had never known to give anything to any one before, absolutely bartered an old jacket for a pair of gilt vases, which a peddler brought in his basket to the shop, and presented them to Connor for his Nora's mantel-piece. And here was idle Dick, the apprentice, who actually worked two hours on Connor's work when illness kept the Irishman at home one day. Connor felt this kindness, and returned it whenever it was in his power, and the days flew by and brought at last a letter from his wife.

"She would start as he desired, and she was well and so was the boy, and might the Lord bring them safely to each other's arms, and bless them who had been so kind to him." That was the substance of the epistle which Connor proudly assured his fellow-workmen Nora wrote herself. She had lived at service as a girl, with a certain good old lady, who had given her the items of an education, which Connor told upon his fingers: "The radin', that's one, and the writin', that's three, and moreover, she knows all that a woman can." Then he looked up with tears in his eyes, and asked, "Do you wondher the time seems long between me an' her, boys?"

So it was. Nora at the dawn of day—Nora at noon—Nora at night—until the news came that the "Stormy Petrel" had come to port, and Connor, breathless and pale with excitement, flung up his cap in the air and shouted.

It happened on a holiday afternoon, and half a dozen men were ready to go with Connor to the steamer and give his wife a greeting. Her little home was ready; Mr. Bawne's own servant had put it in order, and Connor took one peep at it before he started.

"She hadn't the like of that in the ould counthry," he said, "but she'll know how to keep them tidy."

Then he led the way towards the dock where the steamer lay, and at a pace that made it hard for the rest to follow him. The spot was reached at last; a crowd of vehicles blockaded the street; a troop of emigrants came thronging up; fine cabin passengers were stepping into cabs, and drivers, porters, and all manner of employees were yelling and shouting in the usual manner. Nora would wait on board for her husband; he knew that.

The little group made their way into the vessel at last, and there, amid those who sat watching for coming friends, Connor searched for the two so dear to him; patiently at first—eagerly but patiently—but by and by growing anxious and excited.

"She would never go alone," he said, "she'd be lost entirely; I bade her wait, but I don't see her, boys; I think she's not in it."

"Why don't you see the captain?" asks one, and Connor jumped at the suggestion. In a few minutes he stood before a portly, rubicund man, who nodded to him kindly.

"I am looking for my wife, yer honor," said Connor, "and I can't find her."

"Perhaps she's gone ashore," said the captain.

"I bade her wait," said Connor.

"Women don't always do as they are bid, you know," said the captain.

"Nora would," said Connor; "but maybe she was left behind. Maybe she didn't come. I somehow think she didn't."

At the name of Nora the captain started. In a moment he asked, "What is your name?"

"Pat Connor," said the man.

"And your wife's name was Nora?"

"That's her name, and the boy with her is Jamesy, yer honor," said Connor.

The captain looked at Connor's friends; they looked at the captain. Then he said huskily, "Sit down, my man; I've got something to tell you."

"She's left behind?" said Connor.

"She sailed with us," said the captain.

"Where is she?" asked Connor.

The captain made no answer.

"My man," he said, "we all have our trials; God sends then. Yes—Nora started with us."

Connor said nothing. He was looking at the captain now, white to his lips.

- "It's been a sickly season," said the captain; "we have had illness on board—the cholera. You know that."
- "I didn't, I can't read; they kept it from me," said Connor.
- "We didn't want to frighten him," said one in a half whisper.
 - "You know how long we lay at Quarantine?"
- "The ship I came in did that," said Connor. "Did ye say Nora went ashore? Ought I to be looking for her, captain?"
- "Many died—many children," went on the captain.
 "When we were half way here your boy was taken sick."
 - "Jamesy?" gasped Connor.
- "His mother watched him night and day," said the captain, "and we did all we could, but at last he died; only one of many. There were five buried that day. But it broke my heart to see the mother looking out upon the water. 'It's his father I think of,' said she, 'he's longing to see poor Jamesy.'"

Connor groaned.

"Keep up if you can, my man," said the captain.
"I wish any one else had to tell it rather than I. That night Nora was taken ill also, very suddenly; she grew worse fast. In the morning she called me to her. 'Tell Connor I died thinking of him,' she said, 'and tell him to meet me.' And, my man, God help you, she never said anything more—in an hour she was gone."

Connor had risen. He stood up trying to steady

himself; looking at the captain with his eyes dry as two stones. Then he turned to his friends.

"I've got my death, boys," he said, and then dropped to the deck like a log.

They raised him and bore him away. In an hour he was at home on the little bed which had been made ready for Nora, weary with her long voyage. There at last he opened his eyes. Old Mr. Bawne bent over him; he had been summoned by the news, and the room was full of Connor's fellow-workmen.

"Better, Connor?" asked the old man.

"A dale," said Connor, "it's aisy now; I'll be with her soon. And look ye, masther, I've learnt one thing—God is good; He wouldn't let me bring Nora over to me, but he's takin' me over to her and Jamesy, over the river; don't you see it, and her standin' on the other side to welcome me?"

And with these words Connor stretched out his arms. Perhaps he did see Nora—Heaven only knows—and so died.—Anon.

HOW "SOCKERY" SET A HEN.

I DELL you all apout vot dook blace mit me lasht summer; you know—oder uf you dond know, den I dells you—dot Katrina (dot is mine vrow) und me, ve keep some shickens for a long dime ago, un von tay she sait to me: "Sockery" (dot is mein name), "vy dond you put some aigs unter dot olt plue hen shickens? I dink she vants to sate." "Vell," I sait, "meppe I guess I vill." So I bicked oud some uf de best aigs, und dook

um oud do de parn fere de olt hen make her nesht in de side uf de haymow, poud fife six veet up. Now you see I nefer vas ferry pig up und town, but I vas booty pig all de vay arount in de mittle, so I koodn't reach up dill I vent und got a parrel do stant on. Vell, I klimet me on de parrel, und ven my hed rise up py de nesht, dot olt hen she gif me such a bick dot my nose runs all ofter my face mit plood; und ven I todge pack, dot plasted olt parrel het preak, und I vent town kershlam. Py cholly, I didn't tink I kood go insite a parrel pefore; put dere I vos, und I fit so dite dot I koodn't git me oud effery way. My vest vos bushed vay up unter my arm-holes. Ven I fount I vos dite shtuck, I holler, "Katrina! Katrina!" Und ven she koom and see me shtuck in de parrel up to my arm-holes, mit my face all plood and aigs, py cholly, she chust lait town on de hay, und laft, und laft, till I got so mat I sait: "Vot you lay dere und laf like a olt vool, eh? Vy dond you koom bull me oud?" Und den she set up und sait: "Oh, vipe off your chin, und bull your fest town." Den she lait back und laft like she vood shblit herself more as ever. Mat as I vas, I tought to myself, Katrina, she sbeak English booty goot; but I only sait, mit my greatest dignitude: "Katrina, vill you bull me oud dis parrel?" Und she see dot I look booty red, und she sait: "Of course I vill, Sockery." Den she lait me und de parrel town on our site, und I dook holt de door-sill, und Katrina she bull on de parrel; but de first bull she mate I yellet; "Donner und blitzen! shtop dat, by golly; dere is nails in de parrel!" You see de nails bent town ven I vent in, but ven I koom oud they shtick in me all de vay rount, Vell, to make a short shtory

long, I told Katrina to go und tell naypor Hansman to pring me a saw und saw me dis parrel off. Vell, he koom und he like to shblit himself mit laf, too; but he roll me ofer, und saw de parrel all de vay around off, und I git up mit half a parrel arount my vaist. Den Katrina she say; "Sockery, vait a little till I get a battern of dot new oferskirt you haf on." But I didn't sait a vort. I shust got a nife, und vittle de hoops off, und shling dot confountet olt parrel in de voot-pile.

Pimepy ven I koom in de house, Katrina she sait, so soft like: "Sockery, dond you goin' to but some aigs unter dot olt plue hen?" Den I sait, in my deepest woice: "Katrina, uf you effer say dot to me again I'll git a pill from you, so help me chiminy cracious!" und I dell you she didn't say dot any more. Vell, ven I step on a parrel now, I dond step on it—I git a pox.—Anon.

TIRZAH ANN'S SUMMER TRIP.

WALL, as I was a-sayin', says I, Tirzah Ann lay there and I wus a-wipin' my spectacles, and I had just said to her, says I:

"You know I told you jest how it would be. I told you you wus happy enough to home, and you hadn't better go off in search of pleasure."

And says she, breakin' right down ag'in, "One week more of such pleasure and recreation would have been my death blow."

Says I, "I believe it, I believe you; you couldn't have stood another mite of rest and recreation, without its killin' of you—anybody can see that by lookin' at your mean." But, says I, knowin' it wus my duty to be calm, "It is all over now, Tirzah Ann; you hain't got to go through it ag'in: you must try to overcome your feelin's. Tell your ma all about it." And she up and told me the hull. And I found out that Mrs. Skidmore wus to the bottom of it all—she, and Tirzah Ann's ambition. I could see that them two wus to blame for the hull on it.

Mrs. Skidmore is the wife of the other lawyer in Janesville; they moved there in the spring. She wus awful big feelin', and wus determined from the first to lead the fashion—tried to be awful genteel and put on sights of airs.

And Tirzah Ann bein' ambitious, and knowin' that she looked a good deal better than Mrs. Skidmore did, and knew as much ag'in, and knowin' that Whitfield wus a better lawyer than her husband wus, and twice as well off, wusn't goin' to stand none of her airs. And so when Mrs. Skidmore gin it out in Janesville that she and her husband wus a goin' away for the summer, for rest and pleasure, Tirzah Ann said to herself that she and her husband would go for rest and pleasure, if they both died in the attempt. Wall, three days before they started, Tirzah Ann found that Mrs. Skidmore had got one dress more than she had, and a polenay, so she went to the store and got the materials and ingredients, and sot up day and night a-makin of em up; it most killed her a hurryin' so.

Wall, they started the same day, and went to the same place the Skidmores did—a fashionable summer resort—and put up to the same tavern to rest and recreate. But Mrs. Skidmore bein' a healthy, raw-boned

woman, could stand as much ag'in rest as Tirzah Ann could. Why, Tirzah Ann says the rest wus enough to wear out a leather woman, and how she stood it for two weeks wus more than she could tell. You see she had to dress up two or three times a day, and keep the babe dressed up slick. And she had to promenade down to the waterin'-place, and drink just such a time, and it went against her stomach, almost upset her every time. And she had to go a-ridin', and out on the water in boats and yots, and that made her sick, too, and had to play crokey, and be up till midnight to parties. You see she had to do all this rather than let Mrs. Skidmore get in ahead on her, and do more than she did, and be more genteel than she wus, and rest more.

And then the town bein' full, and runnin' over, they wus cooped up in a little mite of a room up three flights of stairs; that, in itself, wus enough to wear Tirzah Ann out; she never could climb stairs worth a cent. And their room wus very small, and the air close, nearly tight, and hot as an oven; they wus used to great, cool, airy rooms to hum; and the babe couldn't stand the hotness and the tightness, and she began to enjoy poor health, and cried most all the time, and that wore on Tirzah Ann; and to hum, the babe could play round in the yard all day a'most, but here she hung right on to her ma.

And then the rooms on one side of 'em wus occupied by a young man a-learnin' to play on the flute, who had been disappointed in love, and Tirzah Ann and Whitfield both says that tongue can't never tell the sufferin's they underwent from that flute, and their feelin's for that young man: they expected every day to hear he had made way with himself, his agony seemed so great, and he would groan and rithe so fearful, when he wasn't playin'.

And the room on the other side of 'em wus occupied by a voung woman who owned a melodien; she went into company a good deal, and her spells of playin' and singin' would come on after she had got home from par-She had a good many bo's, and was happy dispositioned naturally; and they said some nights, it would seem as if there wouldn't be no end to her playin' and singin' love songs, and performin' quiet pieces, polkys, and waltzes, and such. And the babe, not bein' used to such a racket, nights, would get skairt, and almost go into hysterick fits. And two or three nights, Tirzah Ann had 'em, too-the hysterick. I don't see what kep' Whitfield up; he says no money would tempt him to go through it ag'in; I s'pose she almost tore him to pieces; but she wasn't to blame, she didn't know what she was a-doin'.

It hain't no use to blame Tirzah Ann now, after it is all over with; but she sees it plain enough now, and she's sufferin' enough from the effects of it, her tryin' to keep up with Mrs. Skidmore, and do all she done. And there is where her morals get all run down, and Whitfield's, too.

To think of them two, she that was Tirzah Ann Allen, and Whitfield Minkley! to think of them two! brought up as they had been, with such parents and step-parents as they had, settin' under such a preacher as they had always set under! to think of them two a dancin'!

I could hardly believe my ear, when she told me, but I had to. They had parties there every evenin' in the parlor, and Mrs. Skidmore and her husband went to 'em, and danced. I didn't say nothin' to hurt her feelin's, her mean looked so dretful, and I see she was a-gettin' her pay for her sinfulness, but I groaned loud and frequent, while she wus a-tellin' me of this (entirely unbeknown to me).

Here was where Whitfield got so lame. He never danced a step before in his life, nor Tirzah Ann nuther. But Skidmore and his wife danced every night, and Tirzah Ann, bein' so ambitious, was determined that she and Whitfield should dance as much as they did, if they fell down a-doin' of it; and not bein' used to it. it almost killed 'em, besides loosenin' their mussels, so that it will be weeks and weeks before they are as strong and firm as they wus before, and I don't know as they ever will. But truely they got their pay, Whitfield bein' so tuckered out with the rest and recreation he had been a-havin', it lamed him awfully, rheumatiz set in, and he wus most bed-rid. And then a base ball hit him when he was a-playin'; a base ball hit him on the elbo', right on the crazy-bone; I s'pose he was most crazy, the pain wus terrible, but the doctor says, with care, he may get over it, and use his arm ag'in. At present it is in a sling.

But where Tirzah Ann got her death blow (as it were), what laid her up, and made her sick a-bed, was goin' in a bathin', and drinkin' so much mineral water. But she wasn't goin' to have Mrs. Skidmore bathe, and she not, not if she got drownded in the operation. She was always afraid of deep water—dretful. But in she went,

and got skairt, the minute the water was over her ankles; it skairt her so, she had sort o' cramps, and gin up she was a drowndin', and that made it worse for her, and she did crumple right down in the water, and would have been drownded, if a man hadn't rescued of her; she wus a-sinkin' for the third time, when he laid holt of her hair, and yanked her out.

The mineral water, they say, told awfully, and it went against Tirzah Ann's stomach so, that she couldn't hardly get down a tumblerful a day; she wus always dretful dainty and sort o' deficate-like. But Mrs. Skidmore bein' so tough, could drink seven tumblersful right down. Tirzah Ann couldn't stand that, so one day, it was the day before she came home, she said to herself that Mrs. Skidmore shouldn't have that to feel big over no longer, so she drinked down five tumblersful, and wus a-tryin' to get down the other two, when she wus took sick sudden and violent, and I s'pose a sicker critter never lived than she wus. They was awful skairt about her, and she wus skairt about herself; she thought she was a-dyin', and she made Whitfield promise on a Testament to carry her, the next day, to Janesville, alive or dead. So he wus as good as his word, and brought her home, the next day, on a bed.

They got round the house in a day or two, but they have been laid up for repairs (as you may say) ever sense. Never, never, did I see such awful effects from rest and recreation before. As they both say, one week more rest would have finished 'em for this world.

— Josiah Allen's Wife.

WINNIE'S WELCOME.

AS RECITED BY ALEX. J. BROWN.

WELL, Shamus, what brought ye?

It's dead, sure, I thought ye—

What's kept ye this fortnight from calling on me?

Stop there! Don't be lyin';

It's no use denyin'—

I know you've been waitin' on Kitty Magee.

She's ould and she's homely;
There's girls young and comely
Who've loved you much longer and better than she;
But, 'deed I'm not carin',
I'm glad I've no share in
The love of a boy who'd love Kitty Magee.

Away! I'm not cryin',
Your charge I'm denyin',
You're wrong to attribute such wakeness to me;
If tears I am showin',
I'd have ye be knowin'
They're shed out of pity for Kitty Magee.

For mane an' consated,
Wid pride overweighted,
Cold, heartless, and brutal she'll find ye to be;
When ye she'll be gettin',
She'll soon be regrettin'
She e'er changed her name from plain Kitty Magee.

What's that? Am I dhramin'?
You've only been shammin'?
Just thryin' to test the affection in me;
But you're the sly divil!
There now! Plase be civil;
Don't hug me to death! I'm not Kitty Magee.

Your kisses confuse me:

Well, I'll not refuse ye—

I know you'll be tindher and loving wid me;
To show my conthrition

For doubts and suspicion,

I'll ax for first bridesmaid Miss Kitty Magee.

ec. Will Emmett.

DOT BABY OFF MINE.

Mine cracious! Mine cracious! Shust look here und see A Deutscher so habby as habby can pe.
Der beoples all dink dat no prains I haf got,
Vas grazy mit trinking, or someding like dot;
Id vasn't pecause I trinks lager und vine,
Id vas all on aggount off dot baby off mine.

Dot schmall leedle vellow I dells you vas queer; Not mooch pigger roundt as a goot glass off beer, Mit a bare-footed hed, und nose but a schpeck, A mout dot goes most to der pack of his neck, Und his leedle pink toes mit der rest all combine To gife sooch a charm to dot baby off mine.

I dells you dot baby vas von off der poys,
Und beats leedle Yawcob for making a noise;
He shust has pecun to shbeak pot English, too,
Says "mamma," und "bapa," und somedimes "ah-goo!"
You don't find a baby den dimes out off nine
Dot vos qvite so schmart as dot baby off mine.

He grawls der vloor ofer, und drows dings aboudt, Und poots efryding he can find in his mout; He dumbles der shtairs down, und falls vrom his chair, Und gifes mine Katrina von derrible schare; Mine hair shtands like shquills on a mat borcupine, Ven I dinks off dose pranks off dot baby off mine. Dere vas someding, you pet, I don'd likes pooty vell;
To hear in der nighdt dimes dot young Deutscher yell,
Und dravel der ped room midout any clo'es,
Vhile der chills down der shpine off mine pack quickly goes;
Dose leedle schimnasdic dricks vasn't so fine,
Dot I cuts oop at nighdt mit dot baby off mine

Vell, dese leedle schafers vos goin' to pe men, Und all off dese droubles vill peen ofer den; Dey vill vear a vite shirt vront inshted off a bib, Und vouldn't got tucked oop at nighdt in deir crib— Vell! Vell! Ven I'm feeple und in life decline, May mine oldt age pe cheered by dot baby off mine.

Chas. F. Adams.

"TREADWATER JIM."

Who's dat? W'y dat's Treadwater Jim—
De wust little nigger in town—
What de fokes all sez dey'll hang him,
'Kase w'y, hit don't seem he kin drown!
He keeps hisself dere in de watah
'Bout haf ob his time in de year,
An' ef he's got enny home 'round hyar
Hits out on de eend ob dat pier!

Well, de name what he'z got—it was gin him
By fokes what was kno' in de facks,
Fer dey sed dat sum title was due him
'Kase he'd done wun de nobles' of acks!
Ob koarse I kin tell yer de story,
'Kase I was rite dar on de spot,
An' ef Jim is entitul'd ter glory
He fa'rly earnt all dat he's got!

Yer see, hit wuz out on de wahf, dar, Wun sunshiney mawnin' in May, Dat er little chile up fum de Nawf, Sar, Wuz tooken out dar fer ter play; An' Jim wuz out dar wid his fish-line, An' de nuss warn't a-watchin de chile, So hit walk'd off rite inter de brine At dat corner dar by de big pile!

Well, den dar wuz skreemin' an' cryin'
Fum all de folks 'round on de pier.
But Jim seed hit warn't no use tryin'
Ter reskew de chile fum up heah—
So he tuck er long dive fur de watah
An' struck whar de chile hed gone down,
An' hit tuck him so long fer ter fine hit
De peeple tho't bofe 'em would drown.

But purty soon out in de stream dar
Er kinky black hed cum in site,
An' helt close ter his bres' wif bofe han's, Sah,
Wuz de baby all limpy an' white!
Den de mouts ob de peeple wuz opin'd
In er long an' enkuridgin' shout!
"Cum on wid de bote, men!" Jim holler'd—
"I'll tread watah ontell yer git out!"

Den dey bent ter der ores like Marsters
An' flew ter whar Jim, wid de chile,
Wuz doin' his bes' ter keep flotin',
But weak'nin hiz lick all de while!
Dey brought de two heah ter de landin'
An' de mudder wuz crazy wid joy,
While de father jiss retch'd fer dat darkey
An' hugged him ez do' hiz own boy!

So, yer see, dat's de reezin' dey gib him
De name dat yer heer'd me jess call—
An' nobody bodders along wid Jim,
An' he does ez he pleezes wid all!
Ob koarse, what he done wuz rite brave, Sah,
An' mebbe wuz wurthy er crown—
But Jim!—Well, Jim's jess de blamedes'
No 'count little nigger in town!

S. W. Small (old Si).

WHAT MADE HIM GLAD.

- HE was old and alone, and he sat on a stone to rest for awhile from the road;
- His beard was white, and his eye was bright, and his wrinkles overflowed
- With a mild content at the way life went; and I closed the book on my knee:
- "I will venture a look in this living book," I thought, as he greeted me.
- And I said: "My friend, have you time to spend to tell me what makes you glad?"
- "Oh, ay, my lad," with a smile; "I'm glad that I'm old, yet am never sad!"
- "But why?" said I, and his merry eye made answer as much as his tongue,
- "Because," said he, "I am poor and free who was rich and a slave when young.
- There is naught but age can allay the rage of the passions that rules men's lives;
- And a man to be free must a poor man be, for unhappy is he who thrives:
- He fears for his ventures, his rents and debentures, his crops, and his son, and his wife;
- -His dignity's slighted when he's not invited; he fears every day of his life.
 - But he who is poor, and by age has grown sure that there are no surprises in years,
 - Who knows that to have is no joy, nor to save, and who opens his eyes and his ears
 - To the world as it is, and the part of it his, and who says: 'They are happy these birds,
 - Yet they live day by day in improvident way '—improvident? What were the words

- Of the Teacher who taught that the field lilies brought the lesson of life to a man?
- Can we better the thing that is schoolless, or sing more of love than the nightingale can?
- See that rabbit—what feature in that pretty creature needs science or culture or care?
- Send this dog to a college and stuff him with knowledge, will it add to the warmth of his hair?
- Why should mankind, apart, turn from Nature to Art, and declare the exchange better planned?
- I prefer to trust God for my living than plod for my bread at a master's hand.
- A man's higher being is knowing and seeing, not having and toiling for more;
- In the senses and soul is the joy of control, not in pride or luxurious store.
- Yet my needs are the same as the kingling's whose name is a terror to thousands; some bread,
- Some water and milk—I can do without silk—some wool and a roof for my head.
- What more is possest that will stand the grim test of death's verdict? What riches remain
- To give joy at the last, all the vanities past?—ay, ay, that's the word—they are vain
- And vexatious of spirit to all who inherit belief in the world and its ways.
- And so, old and alone, sitting here on a stone, I smile with the birds at the days."
- And I thanked him and went to my study, head bent, where I laid down my book on its shelf;
- And that day all the page that I read was my age, and wants, and my joys, and myself.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

HOW "RUBY" PLAYED.

AS RECITED BY JAS. S. BURDETT.

Jud Brownin, when visiting New York, goes to hear Rubinstein, and gives the following description of his playing:

Well, sir, he had the blamedest, biggest, catty-cornedest pianner you ever laid eyes on; somethin' like a distracted billiard-table on three legs. The lid was hoisted, and mighty well it was. If it hadn't been he'd a tore the entire inside clean out, and scattered 'em to the four winds of heaven.

Played well? You bet he did; but don't interrupt me. When he first sit down, he 'peared to keer mighty little 'bout playin', and wisht he hadn't come. He tweedle-leedled a little on the treble, and twoodle-oodled some on the base—just foolin' and boxin' the thing's jaws for bein' in the way. And I says to a man settin' next to me, says I, "What sort of fool playin' is that?" And he says, "Heish!" But presently his hands commenced chasin' one another up and down the keys like a parcel of rats scamperin' through a garret very swift. Parts of it was sweet, though, and reminded me of a sugar squirrel turnin the wheel of a candy cage.

"Now," I says to my neighbor, "he's showin' off. He thinks he's a doin' of it, but he ain't got no idee, no plan of nothin'. If he'd play me a tune of some kind or other, I'd——"

But my neighbor says, "Heish!" very impatient. I was just about to get up and go home, bein' tired

of that foolishness, when I heard a little bird waking up away off in the woods and call sleepy-like to his mate, and I looked up and see that Ruby was beginning to take some interest in his business, and I sit down again. It was the peep of day. The light came faint from the east, the breezes blowed gentle and fresh; some more birds waked up in the orchard, then some more in the trees near the house, and all begun singin' together. People began to stir, and the gal opened the shutters. Just then the first beam of the sun fell upon the blossoms a little more, and it techt the roses on the bushes, and the next thing it was broad day; the sun fairly blazed, the birds sung like they'd split their little throats; all the leaves was movin', and flashin' diamonds of dew, and the whole wide world was bright and happy as a king. Seemed to me like there was a good breakfast in every house in the land, and not a sick child or woman anywhere. It was a fine mornin'.

And I says to my neighbor, "That's music, that is." But he glared at me like he'd like to cut my throat.

Presently the wind turned; it began to thicken up, and a kind of gray mist came over things; I got low-spirited directly. Then a silver rain begun to fall. I could see the drops touch the ground; some flashed up like long pearl ear-rings, and the rest rolled away like round rubies. It was pretty, but melancholy. Then the pearls gathered themselves into long strands and necklaces, and then they melted into thin silver streams, running between golden gravels, and then the streams joined each other at the bottom of the hill, and made a brook that flowed silent, except that you could kinder

see the music, specially when the bushes on the banks moved as the music went along down the valley. I could smell the flowers in the meadow. But the sun didn't shine, nor the birds sing; it was a foggy day, but not cold.

The most curious thing was the little white angel boy, like you see in pictures, that run ahead of the music brook and led it on, and on, away out of the world, where no man ever was, certain. I could see that boy just as plain as I see you. Then the moonlight came, without any sunset, and shone on the graveyards where some few ghosts lifted their hands and went over the wall, and between the black, sharptop trees splendid marble houses rose up, with fine ladies in the lit-up windows, and men that loved 'em, but could never get a-nigh 'em, who played on guitars under the trees, and made me that miserable I could have cried because I wanted to love somebody, I don't know who, better than the men with the guitars did.

Then the sun went down, it got dark, the wind moaned and wept like a lost child for its dead mother, and I could a got up then and there and preached a better sermon than any I ever listened to. There wasn't a thing in the world left to live for, not a blame thing, and yet I didn't want the music to stop one bit. It was happier to be miserable than to be happy without being miserable. I couldn't understand it. I hung my head and pulled out my handkerchief, and blowed my nose loud to keep me from cryin'. My eyes is weak anyway. I didn't want anybody to be a-gazin' at me a-snivlin', and it's nobody's business what I do with my nose. It's mine. But some several glared at

me, mad as blazes. Then, all of a sudden, old Rubin changed his tune. He ripped out and he rared, he tipped and he tared, he pranced and he charged like the grand entry at a circus. 'Peared to me that all the gas in the house was turned on at once, things got so bright, and I hilt up my head, ready to look any man in the face, and not afraid of nothin'. It was a circus, and a brass band, and a big ball all agoin' on at the same time. He lit into them keys like a thousand of brick; he gave 'em no rest day or night; he set every livin' joint in me a-goin'; and not bein' able to stand it no longer, I jumped, sprang onto my seat, and jest hollered:

" Go it, Rube!"

Every blamed man, woman, and child in the house riz on me and shouted, "Put him out!" "Put him out!"

"Put your great-grandmother's grizzly-gray-greenish cat into the middle of next month!" I says. "Tech me if you dare! I paid my money, and you just come a-nigh me!"

With that some several policemen run up, and I had to simmer down. But I could a fit any fool that laid hands on me, for I was bound to hear Ruby out or die.

He had changed his tune again. He hop-light ladies and tip-toed fine from end to end of the key-board. He played soft and low and solemn. I heard the church-bells over the hills. The candles of heaven was lit, one by one; I saw the stars rise. The great organ of eternity began to play from the world's end to the world's end, and all the angels went to prayers. * * * * Then the music changed to water, full of feeling that couldn't be thought, and began to drop—drip, drop—drip, drop, clear and sweet, like tears of joy falling into a lake of glory. It was sweeter than that. It was as sweet as a sweet-heart sweetened with white sugar mixt with powdered silver and seed diamonds. It was too sweet. I tell you the audience cheered. Rubin he kinder bowed like he wanted to say, "Much obleeged, but I'd rather you wouldn't interrup' me."

He stopt a moment or two to ketch breath. Then he got mad. He run his fingers through his hair, he shoved up his sleeve, he opened his coat-tails a leetle further, he drug up his stool, he leaned over, and, sir, he just went for that old pianner. He slapt her face, he boxed her jaws, he pulled her nose, he pinched her ears, and he scratched her cheeks, until she fairly yelled. He knockt her down, and he stampt on her shameful. She bellowed, she bleated like a calf, she howled like a hound, she squealed like a pig, she shrieked like a rat, and then he wouldn't let her up. ran a quarter-stretch down the low grounds of the base, till he got clean in the bowels of the earth, and you heard thunder galloping after thunder, through the hollows and caves of perdition; and then he fox-chased his right hand with his left till he got way out of the treble into the clouds, whar the notes was finer than the pints of cambric needles, and you couldn't hear nothin' but the shadders of 'em. And then he wouldn't let the old pianner go. He for'ard two'd, he crost over first gentleman, he chassade right and left, back to your places, he all hands'd aroun', ladies to the right, promenade all, in and out, here and there, back and forth, up and down, perpetual motion, double-twisted and turned and

tacked and tangled into forty eleven thousand double bow knots.

By jinks! it was a mixtery. And then he wouldn' let the old pianner go. He fecht up his right wing he fecht up his left wing, he fecht up his centre, he fecht up his reserves. He fired by file, he fired by platoons, by company, by regiments, and by brigades. He opened his cannon-siege guns down thar, Napoleons here, twelve-pounders yonder-big guns, little guns, middle-sized guns, round shot, shells, shrapnels, grape, canister, mortar, mines, and magazines, every livin' battery and bomb a-goin' at the same time. The house trembled, the lights danced, the walls shuk, the floor come up, the ceilin' come down, the sky split, the ground rokt-heavens and earth, creation, sweet potatoes, Moses, ninepences, glory, ten-penny nails, Sampson in a 'simmon tree, Tump Tompson in a tumbler-cart, roodle-oodle-oodle-oodle - ruddle-uddleuddle-uddle --- raddle-addle-addle --- riddle-iddleiddle-iddle --- reedle-eedle-eedle --- p-r-r-r-rlang! Bang!!!! lang! per-lang! p-r-r-r-r!! Bang!!!

With that bang! he lifted himself bodily into the air, and he come down with his knees, his ten fingers, his ten toes, his elbows, and his nose, striking every single, solitary key on the pianner at the same time. The thing busted, and went off into seventeen hundred and fifty-seven thousand five hundred and forty-two hemidemi-semi quivers, and I know'd no mo'.

When I come to, I were under ground about twenty foot, in a place they call Oyster Bay, a treatin' a Yankee that I never laid eyes on before, and never expect to again. Day was breakin' by the time I got to

the St. Nicholas Hotel, and I pledge you my word I did not know my name. The man asked me the number of my room, and I told him, "Hot music on the half-shell for two!"—Anon.

THE WICKEDEST MAN IN MEMPHIS.

AS RECITED BY ALEX. J. BROWN.

YES, stranger! you may well say so; Such hard times last summer as we had Is what tries the souls of mortals And picks out the good and the bad.

There were some we had always reckoned As among the whitest of men; The salt of the earth, and so forth, Proved mighty mean cattle then.

And on the other hand, stranger, There were low-down folks, not few, Who showed true grit and courage As ever a man could do.

You didn't know Hank Maguffy? Well! it's no loss, that's clear— The "Wickedest Man in Memphis" Was the name he went by here.

A gambler, a drunkard, and hoss thief, Spent most of his time in jail; He was tarred and feathered in Vicksburgh, And rode out of town on a rail. Now you'd a thought such a fellow Would have fied from the yellow death; Would have got right up and dusted At the whiff of his charnel breath,

Not caring who might suffer, Or a thought of the helpless sick; But just vamoosed, as it were, And lit out on the double quick.

Ahf there were some who shirked their duty To save their worthless lives; There were some who shook their children, And there were some who shook their wives.

But Hank,—HANK—was he one— One of them that slid? As quick as his legs could carry him? Yes! stranger, you can bet he did.

A. J. Brown.

THE DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE.

READ WITH GREAT SUCCESS BY CHARLOTTE CUSHMAN.

Twas a wild, mad kind of night, as black as the bottomless pit; The wind was howling away like a Bedlamite in a fit, Tearing the ash boughs off, and mowing the poplars down, In the meadows beyond the old flour mill, where you turn off to the town.

And the rain (well, it *did* rain) dashing against the window glass. And deluging on the roof, as the Devil were come to pass; The gutters were running in floods outside the stable door, And the spouts splashed from the tiles, as they would never give o'er.

Lor', how the winders rattled! you'd almost ha' thought that thieves Were wrenching at the shutters, while a ceaseless pelt of leaves Flew to the doors in gusts; and I could hear the beck Falling so loud I knew at once it was up to a tall man's neck.

We was huddling in the harness-room by a little scrap of fire, And Tom, the coachman, he was there, a-practising for the choir; But it sounded dismal, anthem did, for Squire was dying fast, And the doctor said, do what he would, Squire's breaking up at last.

The death-watch, sure enough, ticked loud just over th' owd mare's head,

Though he had never once been heard up there since master's boy lay dead;

And the only sound, beside Tom's toon, was the stirring in the stalls,

And the gnawing and the scratching of the rats in the owd walls.

We couldn't hear Death's foot pass by, but we knew that he was near,

And the chill rain and the wind and cold made us all shake with fear;

We listened to the clock up-stairs, 'twas breathing soft and low, For the nurse said, at the turn of night the old Squire's soul would go

Master had been a wildish man, and led a roughish life; Didn't he shoot the Bowton squire, who dared write to his wife?

He beat the Rads at Hindon Town, I heard, in twenty-nine, When every pail in market-place was brimmed with red port wine

And as for hunting, bless your soul, why, for forty year or more He'd kept the Marley hounds, man, as his fayther did afore; And now to die and in his bed—the season just begun—"It made him fret," the doctor said, "as it might do any one."

And when the young sharp lawyer came to see him sign his will, Squire made me blow my horn outside as we were going to kill; And we turned the hounds out in the court—that seemed to do him good;

For he swore, and sent us off to seek a fox in Thornhill Wood.

But then the fever it rose high and he would go see the room Where mistress died ten years ago when Lammastide shall come; I mind the year, because our mare at Salisbury broke down; Moreover, the town-hall was burnt at Steeple Dinton Town.

It might be two, or half-past two, the wind seemed quite asleep; Tom, he was off, but I, awake, sat watch and ward to keep; The moon was up, quite glorious like, the rain no longer fell, When all at once out clashed and clanged the rusty turret bell.

That hadn't been heard for twenty year, not since the Luddite days.

Tom he leaped up, and I leaped up, for all the house a-blaze Had sure not scared us half so much, and out we ran like mad, I, Tom and Joe, the whipper-in, and t' little stable lad.

"He's killed himself," that's the idea that came into my head; I felt as sure as though I saw Squire Barrowly was dead; When all at once a door flew back, and he met us face to face; His scarlet coat was on his back, and he looked like the old race.

The nurse was clinging to his knees, and crying like a child; The maids were sobbing on the stairs, for he looked fierce and wild;

- "Saddle me Lightning Bess, my men," that's what he said to me;
- "The moon is up, we're sure to find at Stop or Etterly.

[&]quot;Get out the dogs; I'm well to-night, and young again and sound, I'll have a run once more before they put me under ground; They brought my father home feet first, and it never shall be said That his son Joe, who rode so straight, died quietly in his bed.

"Brandy!" he cried; "a tumbler full, you women howling there,"
Then clapped the old black velvet cap upon his long gray hair,
Thrust on his boots, snatched down his whip, though he was old
and weak;

There was a devil in his eye that would not let me speak.

We loosed the dogs to humor him, and sounded on the horn; The moon was up above the woods, just east of Haggard Bourne. I buckled Lightning's throat-lash fast; the Squire was watching me;

He let the stirrups down himself so quick, yet carefully.

Then up he got and spurred the mare and, ere I well could mount, He drove the yard gate open, man, and called to old Dick Blount, Our huntsman, dead five years ago—for the fever rose again, And was spreading like a flood of flame fast up into his brain.

Then off he flew before the dogs, yelling to call us on, While we stood there, all pale and dumb, scarce knowing he was gone;

We mounted, and below the hill we saw the fox break out, And down the covert ride we heard the old Squire's parting shout.

And in the moonlit meadow mist we saw him fly the rail Beyond the hurdles by the beck, just half way down the vale; I saw him breast fence after fence—nothing could turn him back; And in the moonlight after him streamed out the brave old pack.

'Twas like a dream, Tom cried to me, as we rode free and fast, Hoping to turn him at the brook, that could not well be passed, For it was swollen with the rain; but ah, 'twas not to be; Nothing could stop old Lightning Bess but the broad breast of the sea.

The hounds swept on, and well in front the mare had got her stride;

She broke across the fallow land that runs by the down side.
We pulled up on Chalk Linton Hill, and, as we stood us there,
Two fields beyond we saw the Squire fall stone dead from the
mare.

Then she swept on, and in full cry the hounds went out of sight;

A cloud came over the broad moon and something dimmed our sight,

As Tom and I bore master home, both speaking under breath;

And that's the way I saw th' owd Squire ride boldly to his death.

Anon.

THE BISHOP OF ROSS.

THE tramp of the trooper is heard at Macroom;
The soldiers of Cromwell are spared from Clonmel,
And Broghill—the merciless Broghill—is come
On a mission of murder, which pleases him well.

The wailing of women, the wild ululu,

Dread tidings from cabin to cabin convey;

But loud through the plaints and the shrieks which ensue,

The war cry is louder of men in array.

In the park of Macroom there is gleaming of steel,
And glancing of lightning in looks on that field,
And swelling of bosoms with patriot zeal,
And clenching of hands on the weapons they wield.

MacEgan—a prelate like Ambrose of old—
Forsakes not his flock when the spoiler is near;
The post of the pastor's in front of the fold
When the wolf's on the plain and there's rapine to fear.

The danger is come, and the fortune of war Inclines to the side of oppression once more; The people are brave, but they fall, and the star Of their destiny sets in the darkness of yore.

- MacEgan survives in the Philistine hands
 Of the lords of the pale, and his death is decreed;
 But the sentence is stayed by Lord Broghill's command,
 And the prisoner is dragged to his presence with speed.
- "To Carraig-an Droichid this instant," he cried,
 "Prevail on your people in garrison there
 To yield, and at once in our mercy confide,
 And your life, I will pledge you my honor, to spare."
- "I well know the worth of—my duty I know;
 Lead on to the castle, and there by your side,
 With the blessing of God, what is meet will I do."
- The orders are given, the prisoner is led
 To the Castle, and 'round him are menacing hordes;
 Undaunted—approaching the walls, at the head
 Of the troopers of Cromwell, he utters these words:
- "Beware of the cockatrice—trust not the wiles
 Of the serpent—for perfidy skulks in its folds!
 Beware of Lord Broghill, the day that he smiles,
 His mercy is murder—his word never holds!
- "Remember, 'tis writ in our annals of blood, Our countrymen never relied on the faith Of truce or of treaty, but treason ensued, And the issue of every delusion was death!"
- Thus nobly the patriot-prelate sustained
 The ancient renown of his chivalrous race,
 And the last of old Eoghan's descendants obtained
 For the name of Uismani new lustre and grace.
- He died on the scaffold in front of those walls
 Where the blackness of ruin is seen from afar;
 And the gloom of its desolate aspect recalls
 The blackest of Broghill's achievements in war!

Dr. Madden.

FAITHFUL.

A LONG, bare ward in the hospital;
A dying girl in the narrow bed;
A nurse, whose footsteps lightly fall,
Soothing softly that restless head.

Slain by the man she learned to love, Beaten, murdered and flung away; None beheld it but God above, And she who bore it. And there she lay.

"A little drink of water, dear?"

Slowly the white lips gasp and sip.

"Let me turn you over, so you can hear,

While I let the ice on your temple drip."

A look of terror disturbs her face;
Firm and silent those pale lips close;
A stranger stands in the nurse's place:
"Tell us who hurt you, for no one knows."

A glitter of joy is in her eye;
Faintly she whispers: "Nobody did."
And one tear christens the loving lie
From the heart in that wounded bosom hid.

"Nobody did it!" she says again.
"Nobody hurt me!" Her eyes grow dim;
But, in that spasm of mortal pain,
She says to herself: "I've saved you, Jim!"

Day by day, as the end draws near,

To gentle question or stern demand,
Only that one response they hear,

Though she lift to Heaven her wasted hand.

"Nobody hurt me!" They see her die,
The same word still on her latest breath;
With a tranquil smile she tells her lie,
And glad goes down to the gates of death.

Beaten, murdered, but faithful still,
Loving above all wrong and woe,
If she has gone to a world of ill,
Where, oh! saint, shall we others go?

Even, I think, that evil man

Has hope of a better life in him,

When she so loved him her last words ran:

"Nobody hurt me! I've saved you, Jim!"

Rose Terry Cooke.

PLEDGE WITH WINE.

"PLEDGE with wine—pledge with wine!" cried the young and thoughtless Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the decisive hour had come—she pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of her bridal wreath trembled on her pure brow; her breath came quicker, her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marian, lay aside your scruples for this once," said the Judge, in a low tone, going toward his daughter; "the company expect it, donot so seriously infringe upon the rules of etiquette;—in your own house act as you please; but in mine, for this once please me."

Every eye was turned toward the bridal pair. Marian's principles were well known. Henry had been

a convivialist, but of late his friends noticed the change in his manners, the difference in his habits; and to-night they watched him to see, as they sneeringly said, if he was tied down to a woman's opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they held it with tempting smiles toward Marian. She was very pale, though more composed, and her hand shook not, as, smiling back, she gratefully accepted the crystal tempter and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so, when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!" "What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly carried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it as though it were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an inspired light shone from her dark eyes, "wait, and I will tell you. I see," she added, slowly pointing one jewelled finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description. And yet listen; I will paint it for you if I can: It is a lonely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. There is a thick, warm mist that the sun seeks vainly to pierce; trees, lofty and beautiful, wave to the airy motion of the birds; but there, a group of Indians gather; they flit to and fro with something like sorrow upon their dark brows; and in their midst lies a manly form, but his cheek, how deathly; his eye, wild with the fitful fire of fever. One friend stands beside him, nay, I should say kneels, for he is pillowing that poor head upon his breast.

"Genius in ruins. Oh! the high, holy-looking brow!

Why should death mark it, and he so young! Look how he throws the damp curls! see him clasp his hands! hear his thrilling shrieks for life! mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved. Oh! hear him call piteously his father's name; see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister—the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land.

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the untasted wine trembling in their faltering grasp, and the Judge fell, overpowered, upon his seat; "see! his arms are lifted to heaven; he prays, how wildly, for mercy! hot fever rushes through his veins. The friend beside him is weeping; awe-stricken, the dark men move silently, and leave the living and dying together."

There was a hush in that princely parlor, broken only by what seemed a smothered sob from some manly bosom. The bride stood yet upright, with quivering lip, and tears stealing to the outward edge of her lashes. Her beautiful arm had lost its tension, and the glass, with its little troubled red waves, came slowly toward the range of her vision. She spoke again; every lip was mute. Her voice was low, faint, yet awfully distinct: she still fixed her sorrowful glance upon the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white moon is coming up, and her beams lay gently on his forehead. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death I and no soft hand, no gentle voice to bless and soothe him.

His head sinks back! one convulsive shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed, also, that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her lips quivering faster, and faster, and her voice more and more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in the damp, reeking earth. The only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. And he sleeps to-day in that distant country, with no stone to mark the spot. There he lies—my father's son—my own twin-brother! a victim to this deadly poison. Father," she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was convulsed with agony. He raised his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered —" No, no, my child, in God's name, no."

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was dashed into a thousand pieces. Many a tearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine-glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company, saying: "Let no friend, hereafter, who loves me tempt me to peril my soul for wine. Not firmer the everlasting hills than my resolve, God helping me, never to touch or taste that terrible poison. And he to

whom I have given my hand; who watched over my brother's dying form in that last, solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there, by the river, in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glistening eyes, his sad, sweet smile, was her answer.

The Judge left the room, and when, an hour later, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he, too, had determined to dash the enemy at once and forever from his princely rooms.

Those who were present at that wedding can never forget the impression so solemnly made. Many from that hour forswore the social glass.

THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sound so wild, would, in days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.
On this I ponder, where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in, Toiling sublime in cathedral shrine; While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate, But all their music spoke naught like thine: For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling "old Adrian's Mole" in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Nôtre Dame;
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
Oh! the bells of Shandon,
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow, while on tower and kiosko

In St. Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air, calls men to prayer

From the tapering summit of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me,
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

Rev. Francis Mahony.

THE RAG-PICKER.

CROSSING the busy thoroughfare, to-day,
Picking my way along the muddy flags,
A wretched erone one moment barred my way—
Stooping to gather there some scattered rags
That in the kennel lay,

I was not moved just then by kindly grace,
And, angered at the stop, I curtly said:
"Come, come; good woman! Give us passers place
Don't block the way!" At that she raised her head
And looked me in the face.

Her visage wan with age and trouble seamed;
Her form was doubled by the weight she bore;
And strange impression o'er me faintly gleamed
That somewhere during life those eyes before
Had on me terribly beamed.

With trembling finger raised, she said, aloud:
"You're rich and honored greatly, Hubert Leigh;
And yet, for all you are so high and proud,
You once were ready to give place to me,
Head bent and body bowed."

Then from the darkness of her eyes there leapt
A light indignant, as her form she drew
To its full height and from me angry swept;
While I, thrilled by the baleful glance she threw,
My way unsteady kept.

What story was there in those strange, wild eyes?
Where had I met them in some former state?
They brought the sight of tears, the sound of sighs,
A pang of woe, the shipwreck of a fate
Unhappy and unwise.

What time, if ever, was it that I knew
That wretched hag, in this life or the last?
Was pre-existence, as some tell us, true?
In some metempsychosis of the past
Had those eyes crossed my view?

Then woke my memory with a sudden start; The past unrolled before me like a scroll. This was the weird of her who held my heart In days gone by; who was my other soul, From which 'twas death to part.

Her frown was torture and her smile was bliss; I would have pledged existence on her truth; 'Twas rapture even her garment's hem to kiss, The idol worshipped in my earnest youth. And had she fallen to this?

She spurned my humble suit, since I was poor—
I could not promise luxury with her life;
So, crushing love, position to insure,
She sold herself to be a rich man's wife
And thought her state secure.

We parted, as we thought, forevermore;
I found my love in gain, and wooed it well;
Year after year I added to my store—
On my side of the fence each apple fell
The tree of Fortune bore.

Whate'er my fingers touched was turned to gold; Success became my lackey; but success, Though generating for me wealth untold, Is not enough my desolate life to bless— Now I am lone and old.

It comforts not, as here I walk along,
That she who stabbed my soul has sunk so low;
I would I had not met her in the throng,
Reviving memories buried long ago,
Bringing to life my wrong.

A crowd out yonder. What the words they say?

"An old rag-picker, stooping, struck and killed

By a runaway horse." Still keeps the world its way;

Since last her glance my heart with anguish thrilled

'Tis forty years to-day.

Thomas Dunn English.

SONG OF THE SHIRT.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread,—
Stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work! work! work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work,
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work—
Till the brain begins to swim,
Work—work,
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"Oh! men, with sisters dear!
Oh! men with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch,
In poverty, hunger, and dirt,
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death,
That phantom of grisly bone?
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own—
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep.
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work."
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread,—and rags,—
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work-work!
From weary chime to chime!
Work—work,
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand,

"Work—work work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work,
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the caves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the Spring.

"Oh! but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head
And the grass beneath my feet;

For only one sweet hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh! but for one short hour!
A respite, however brief!
No blesséd leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread—
Stitch! stitch!
In poverty, hunger and dirt,
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sung this "Song of the Shirt."

Thomas Hood.

THE DUEL BETWEEN MR. SHOTT AND MR. NOTT.

A DUEL was lately fought in Texas by Alexander Shott and John S. Nott. Nott was shot, and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott. There was a rumor that Nott was not shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot Shott shot at Nott was not shot, or that Nott was

shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good. It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are frequent, it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott himself, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements, and Shott would be shot, and Nott would be not. We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott, but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot.—Harper's Wakly.

CUDDLE DOON.

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' muckle faucht an' din.
"Oh, try and sleep, ye waukrife rogues:
Your father's comin' in."
They never heed a word I speak.
I try to gie a froon;
But aye I hap them up, an' cry,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Wee Jamie wi' the curly heid—
He aye sleeps next the wa'—
Bangs up an' cries, "I want a piece"—
The rascal starts them a'.
I rin an' fetch them pieces, drinks—
They stop awee the soun'—
Then draw the blankets up, and cry,
"Noo, weanies, cuddle doon!"

But ere five minutes gang, wee Rab Cries oot, frae 'neath the claes, "Mither, mak' Tam gie ower at ance: He's kittlin' wi' his taes." The mischief's in that Tam for tricks: He'd bother half the toon. But aye I hap them up, and cry, "Oh, bairnies cuddle doon!"

At length they hear their father's fit;
An' as he steeks the door,
They turn their faces to the wa',
While Tam pretends to snore.
"Hae a' the weans been gude?" he asks,
As he pits aff his shoon.

"The bairnies, John, are in their beds, An' lang since cuddled doon."

An' just afore we bed oorsels,
We look at oor wee lambs.
Tam has his airm roun' wee Rab's neck,
An' Rab his airm roun' Tam's.
I lift wee Jamie up the bed,
An' as I straik each croon,
I whisper, till my heart fills up,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

The bairnies cuddle doon at nicht
Wi' mirth that's dear to me;
But soon the big warl's cark an' care
Will quaten doon their glee.
Yet, come what will to ilka ane,
May He who sits aboon
Aye whisper, though their pows be bauld,
"Oh, bairnies, cuddle doon!"

Alexander Anderson.

AUX ITALIENS. AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

AS RECITED BY JAS. S. BURDETT.

AT Paris it was, at the Opera there; And she looked like a queen in a book, that night, With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair, And the brooch on her breast, so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,

The best to my taste is the Trovatore;
And Mario can soothe with a tenor note
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow,
And who was not thrilled in the strangest way,
As we heard him sing, while the gas burned low,
"Non ti scordar di me?"

The Emperor there, in his box of state,
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen
The red flag wave from the city gate,
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The Empress, too, had a tear in her eye.

You'd have said that her fancy had gone back again,
For one moment, under the old blue sky,
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat Together, my bride-betrothed and I; My gaze was fixed on my opera-hat, And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad.

Like a queen, she leaned on her full white arm,
With that regal, indolent air she had;
So confident of her charm!

- I have not a doubt she was thinking then
 Of her former lord, good man that he was!
 Who died the richest and roundest of men,
 The Marquis of Carabas.
- I hope that, to get to the kingdom of heaven,
 Through a needle's eye he had not to pass;
 I wish him well for the jointure given
 To my lady of Carabas.
- Meanwhile I was thinking of my first love,
 As I had not been thinking of aught for years,
 Till over my eyes there began to move
 Something that felt like tears.
- I thought of the dress that she wore last time,
 When we stood, 'neath the cyprese-trees, together,
 In that lost land, in that soft clime,
 In the crimson evening weather;
- Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot),
 And her warm white neck in its golden chain,
 And her full, soft hair, just tied in a knot,
 And falling loose again;
- And the jasmin-flower in her fair young breast;
 Oh, the faint, sweet smell of that jasmin-flower,
 And the one bird singing alone to his nest,
 And the one star over the tower.
- I thought of our little quarrets and strife, And the letter that brought me back my ring, And it all seemed then, in the waste of life, Such a very little thing!
- For I thought of her grave below the hill, Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands over, And I thought " were she only living still, How I could forgive her and love her!"

And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in that hour, And of how, after all, old things were best, That I smelt the smell of that jasmin-flower, Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,
It made me creep, and it made me cold!
Like the scent that steals from the crumbling sheet
When a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked. She was sitting there In a dim box, over the stage; and drest In that muslin dress, with that full soft hair, And that jasmin in her breast!

I was here, and she was there,
And the glittering horseshoe curved between—
From my bride-betrothed, with her raven hair,
And her sumptuous, scornful mien.

To my early love, with her eyes downcast,
And over her primrose face the shade
(In short, from the Future back to the Past),
There was but one step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride
One moment I looked. Then I stole to the door.
I traversed the passage; and down at her side
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain, Or something which never will be exprest, Had brought her back from the grave again, With the jasmin in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!

But she loves me now, and she loved me then!

And the very first word that her sweet lips said,

My heart grew youthful again.

The Marchioness there, of Carabas,

She is wealthy, and young, and handsome still,

And but for her well, we'll let that pass—

She may marry whomever she will.

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But I will marry my own first love,
With her primrose face; for old things are best,
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it above
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,
And Love must cling where it can, I say;
For Beauty is easy enough to win,
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women and men,
There's a moment when all would go smooth and even,
If only the dead could find out when
To come back and be forgiven.

But oh, the smell of that jasmin-flower!

And oh, that music! and oh, the way

That voice rang out from the donjon tower,

Non ti scordar di me,

Non ti scordar di me!

Owen Meredith.

CRAZY KATE.

Go for a sail this mornin'?—This way, yer honor, please. Weather about? Lor' bless you, only a pleasant breeze. My boat's that there in the harbor, and the man aboard's my mate. Jump in, and I'll row you out, sir; that's her, the Crazy Kate.

Queer name for a boat you fancy; well, so it is, maybe, But Crazy Kate and her story's the talk o' the place, you see; And me and my pardner knowed her, knowed her all her life— We was both on us asked to the weddin' when she was made a wife. Her as our boat's named arter was famous far and wide;
For years in all winds and weathers she haunted the harbor side,
With her great wild eyes a starin' and a strainin' across the waves,
Waitin' for what can't happen till the dead come out o' their
graves.

She was married to young Ned Garling, a big brown fisher-lad; One week a bride, and the next one a sailor's widow—and mad. They were married one fearful Winter, as widowed many a wife. He'd a smile for all the lasses: but she'd loved him all her life.

A rollickin' gay young fellow, we thought her too good for him. He'd been a bit wild and careless—but, married all taut and trim, We thought as he'd mend his manners when he won the village prize,

And carried her off in triumph before many a rival's eyes.

But one week wed and then they parted—he went with the fisher fleet—

With the men who must brave the tempest that the women and bairns may eat.

It's a rough long life o' partin's is the life o' the fisher folk, And there's never a Winter passes but some goodwife's heart is broke.

We've a sayin' among us sea folks as few on us dies in bed— Walk through our little churchyard and read the tale of our dead:

It's mostly the bairns and the women as is restin' under the turf, For half o' the men sleep yonder under the rollin' surf.

The night Kate lost her husband was the night of the fearful gale— [sail

She'd stood on the shore that mornin' and had watched the tiny As it faded away in the distance—bound for the coast o' France, And the fierce wind bore it swiftly away from her anxious glance.

The boats that had sailed that mornin' with the fleet were half a score,

And never a sail among 'em came back to the English shore.

There were wringin' o' hands and moanin', and when they spoke o' the dead

For many a long day after the women's eyes were red.

Kate heard it as soon as any—the fate of her fisher-lad— But her eyes were wild and tearless; she went slowly and surely mad.

"He isn't drowned," she would murmur; "he will come again some day"—

And her lips shaped the self-same story as the long years crept' away.

Spring, and summer, and autumn—in the fiercest Winter gale, Would Crazy Kate stand watchin' for the glint of a far-off sail: Stand by the hour together and murmur her husband's name—For twenty years she watched there, for the boat that never came.

She counted the years as nothin'—the shock that had sent her mad

Had left her love for ever a brave, young, handsome lad; She thought one day she should see him, just as he said good-bye, When he leapt in his boat and vanished, where the waters touched the sky.

She was but a lass when it happened—the last time I saw her there.

The first faint streaks o' silver had come in her jet black hair, And then a miracle happened—her mad, weird words came right, For the fisher lad came ashore, sir, one wild and stormy night.

We were all of us watchin', waitin', for at dusk we'd heard a cry, A far off cry, round the headland, and strained was every eye— Strained through the deepenin' darkness, and a boat was ready to man—

When, all of a sudden, a woman down to the surf-line ran.

'Twas Crazy Kate: In a moment, before what she meant was known,

The boat was out in the tempest—and she was in it alone, She was out of sight in a second—but over the sea came a sound, The voice of a woman cryin' that her long lost love was found. A miracle, sir, for the woman came back through the ragin' storm, And there in the boat beside her was lyin' a lifeless form.

She leapt to the beach and staggered, cryin', "Speak to me, husband Ned!"

As the light of our lifted lanterns flashed on the face o' the dead.

It was him as had sailed away, sir—a miracle sure it seemed.

We looked at the lad and knowed him, and fancied we had dreamed.

It was twenty years since we'd seen him—since Kate, poor soul, went mad,

But there in the boat that evenin' lay the same brown handsome lad.

Gently we took her from him—for she moaned that he was dead—We carried him to a cottage and we laid him on a bed;

But Kate came pushin' her way through and she clasped the lifeless clay,

And we hadn't the heart to hurt her, so we couldn't tear her away.

The news of the miracle travelled, and folks came far and near,
And women talked of spectres—it had given 'em quite a skeer;
And the parson he came with the doctor down to the cottage
quick—

They thought as us sea folks' fancy had played our eyes a trick.

But the parson, who'd known Kate's husband, as had married 'em in the church,

When he seed the dead lad's features he gave quite a sudden lurch.

And his face was as white as linen—for a moment it struck him dumb—

I half expected he'd tell us as the Judgment Day had come.

The Judgment Day, when the ocean they say 'ull give up its dead; What else meant those unchanged features, though twenty years had sped?

That night, with her arms around him, the poor mad woman died, And here in our village churchyard we buried 'em side by side. 'Twas the shock, they said, as killed her—the shock of seein' him dead.

The story got in the papers, and far and near it spread;

And some only half believed it—I knew what you'd say, sir, wait—Wait till you hear the finish o' this story of Crazy Kate.

It was all explained one mornin', as clear as the light of day,

And when we knowed, we were happy to think as she'd passed

away,

As she died with her arms around him, her lips on the lips o' the dead—

Believin' the face she looked on was the face o' the man she'd wed.

But the man she'd wed was a villain, and that she never knew— He hadn't been drowned in the tempest; he only of all the crew Was saved by a French ship cruising, and carried ashore and there

Nursed to life by a woman-a French girl, young and fair.

He fell in love with the woman—this dare-devil heartless Ned, And married her, thinkin' the other had given him up for dead.

He was never the man—and we'd said so—for a lovin' lass like
Kate:

But he mightn't ha' done what he did, sir, if he'd known of her cruel fate.

'Twas his son by the foreign woman, his image in build and face, Whose lugger the storm had driven to his father's native place—'Twas his son who had come like a phantom out of the long ago.

On the spot where Kate had suffered God's hand struck Ned the blow.

We learnt it all from the parson when Ned came over the waves In search o' the son he worshipped—and he found two fresh-made graves.

Dang |--what was that? Sit steady! Rowed right into you mate?

I forgot where I was for a moment—I was tellin' the gent about Kate.

THE KNIGHT'S TOAST.

THE feast is o'er! Now brimming wine
In lordly cup is seen to shine
Before each eager guest;
And silence fills the crowded hall,
As deep as when the herald's call
Thrills in the loyal breast.

Then up arose the noble host,
And smiling cried: "A toast! a toast!
To all our ladies fair!
Here, before all, I pledge the name
Of Staunton's proud and beauteous dame,—
The Lady Gundamere!"

Then to his feet each gallant sprung,
And joyous was the shout that rung,
As Stanley gave the word;
And every cup was raised on high,
Nor ceased the loud and gladsome cry,
Till Stanley's voice was heard.

"Enough, enough," he smiling said, And lowly bent his haughty head; "That all may have their due, Now each in turn must play his part, And pledge the lady of his heart, Like gallant knight and true!"

Then one by one each guest sprang up,
And drained in turn the brimming cup,
And named the loved one's name;
And each, as hand on high he raised,
His lady's grace or beauty praised,
Her constancy and fame.

'Tis now St. Leon's turn to rise;
On him are fixed those countless eyes;
A gallant knight is he;
Envied by some, admired by all,
Far-famed in lady's bower and hall,
The flower of chivalry.

St. Leon raised his kindling eye,
And lifts the sparkling cup on high:
"I drink to one," he said,
"Whose image never may depart,
Deep graven on this grateful heart,
Till memory be dead.

"To one whose love for me shall last When lighter passions long have past, So holy 'tis and true; To one whose love hath longer dwelt, More deeply fixed, more keenly felt, Than any pledged by you."

Each guest upstarted at the word,
And laid a hand upon his sword,
With fury-flashing eye;
And Stanley said: "We crave the name,
Proud knight, of this most peerless dame,
Whose love you count so high."

St. Leon paused, as if he would
Not breathe her name in careless mood,
Thus, lightly, to another;
Then bent his noble head, as though
To give that word the reverence due,
And gently said: "My mother!"

Anon.

THAT WOMAN PLAYED DESPAIR.

"La Dame aux Camelias"—

I think that was the play;
The house was packed from pit to dome
With the gallant and the gay,
Who had come to see the tragedy,
And while the hours away.

There was the ruined spendthrift,
And beauty in her prime;
There was the grave historian,
And there the man of rhyme,
And the surly critic, front to front,
To see the play of crime.

And there was pompous Ignorance,
And Vice in flowers and lace;
Sir Crœsus and Sir Pandarus,
And the music played apace.
But of that crowd I only saw
A single, single face.

That of a girl whom I had known
In the Summers long ago,
When her breath was like the new-mown hay,
Or the sweetest flowers that grow;
When her heart was light, and her soul was white
As the Winter's driven snow.

And there she sat, with her great brown eyes;
They wore a troubled look;
And read the history of her life
As it were an open book.
And saw her soul, like a slimy thing
In the bottom of a brook.

There she sat in her rustling silk,
With diamonds on her wrist,
And on her brow a gleaming thread
Of pearl and amethyst.
"A cheat, a gilded grief!" I said,
And my eyes were filled with mist.

I could not see the players play:
I heard the music moan:
It moaned like a dismal Autumn wind
That dies in the woods alone;
And when it stopped I heard it still—
The mournful monotone!

What if the Count were true or false?
I did not care, not I;
What if Camille for Armand died?
I did not see her die.
There sat a woman opposite
With piteous lip and eye.

The great green curtain fell on all,
On laugh, and wine, and woe,
Just as death some day will fall
'Twixt us and life I know!
The play was done—the bitter play,
And the people turned to go.

And did they see the tragedy?
They saw the painted scene;
They saw Armand, the jealous fool,
And the sick Parisian queen,
But they did not see the tragedy—
The one I saw, I mean.

They did not see the cold-cut face,
That furtive look of care;
Or seeing her jewels, only said,
"The lady's is rich and fair."
But I tell you it was the play of life,
And that woman played Despair!

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE OLD MAN GOES TO TOWN.

WELL, wife, I've been to 'Frisco, an' I called to see the boys. I'm tired, an' more'n half deafened with the travel and the noise; So I'll sit down by the chimbly, and rest my weary bones, And tell how I was treated by our 'ristocratic sons.

As soon's I reached the city, I hunted up our Dan—Ye know he's now a celebrated wholesale business man. I walked down from the depo'—but Dan keeps a country seat—An' I thought to go home with him, an' rest my weary feet.

All the way I kep' a thinkin' how famous it 'ud be
To go 'round the town together—my grown-up boy an' meAn' remember the old times, when my little "curly head"
Used to cry out "Good-night, papa!" from his little trundle-bed-

I never thought a minit that he wouldn't want to see His gray an' worn old father, or would be ashamed of me. So when I seen his office, with a sign writ out in gold, I walked in 'ithout knockin'—but the old man was too bold.

Dan was settin' by a table, an' a-writin' in a book, He knowed me in a second; but he gave me such a look! He never said a word o' you, but axed about the grain, An' ef I thought the valley didn't need a little rain.

I didn't stay a great while, but inquired after Rob,
Dan said he lived upon the hill—I think they call it Nob;
An' when I left, Dan, in a tone that almost broke me down,
Said, "Call an' see me, won't ye, whenever you're in town?"

It was ruther late that evenin' when I found our Robert's house; There was music, lights, and dancin' and a mighty big carouse. At the door a nigger met me, an' he grinned from ear to ear, Sayin', "Keerds ob invitation, or you nebber git in here." I said I was Rob's father; an' with another grin The nigger left me standin' and disappeared within. Rob came out on the porch—he didn't order me away; But said he hoped to see me at his office the next day.

Then I started fur a tavern, fur I knowed there, anyway, They wouldn't turn me out so long's I'd money fur to pay. An' Rob an' Dan had left me about the streets to roam, An' neither of them axed me if I'd money to git home.

It may be the way o' rich folks—I don't say 'at it is not— But we remember some things Dan and Rob have quite forgot. We didn't quite expect this, wife, when, twenty years ago, We mortgaged the old homestead to give Rob and Dan a show.

I didn't look fur Charley, but I happened just to meet Him with a lot o' friends o' his'n, a-comin' down the street. I thought I'd pass on by him, for fear our youngest son Would show he was ashamed o' me, as Rob and Dan had done.

But as soon as Charley seen me, he, right afore 'em all, Said: "God bless me, there's my father!" as loud as he could bawl.

Then he introduced me to his frien's, an' sent 'em all away, Tellin' 'em he'd see 'em later, but was busy for that day.

Then he took me out to dinner, an' he axed about the house, About you an' Sally's baby, an' the chickens, pigs an' cows; He axed about his brothers, addin' that 'twas ruther queer, But he hadn't seen one uv 'em fur mighty nigh a year.

Then he took me to his lodgin', in an attic four stairs high— He said he liked it better 'cause 'twas nearer to the sky. An' he said: "I've only one room, but my bed is pretty wide," An' so we slept together, me an' Charley, side by side.

Next day we went together to the great Mechanics' Fair, An' some o' Charley's picters was on exhibition there. He said if he could sell 'em, which he hoped to, pretty soon, He'd make us all a visit, an' "be richer than Muldoon." An' so two days an' nights we passed, an', when I come away, Poor Charley said the time was short, an' begged me fur to stay. Then he took me in a buggy an' druv me to the train, An' said in just a little while he'd see us all again.

You know we thought our Charley would never come to much; He was always readin' novels an' poetry an' such.

There was nothing on the farm he ever seemed to want to do,

An' when he took to paintin' he disgusted me clear through!

So we gave to Rob and Dan all we had to call our own, An' left poor Charley penniless to make his way alone; He's only a poor painter; Rob and Dan are rich as sin; But Charley's worth the pair of 'em with all their gold thrown in.

Those two grand men, dear wife, were once our prattling babes—an' yet

It seems as if a mighty gulf 'twixt them an' us is set;

An' they'll never know the old folks till life's troubled journey's

past,

An' rich and poor are equal underneath the sod at last.

An' maybe when we all meet on the resurrection morn,
With our earthly glories fallen, like the husks from the ripe corn
When the righteous Son of Man the awful sentence shall have
said,

The brightest crown that's shining there may be on Charley's head.—J. G. Swinerton.

THE DRAMA OF THREE.

I sat at the opera—round me they floated
On great waves of melody perfect delight,
Where, cloaked and bejewelled, a woman I noted,
Whose charms taught the gazer the music of sight.

So beautiful she as to startle beholders

Whose eyes in amazement her beauty drank in-

The clear, creamy tint of her neck and her shoulders, The sensitive nostrils, the curved, dimpled chin,

Lips shaped like a bow, tresses rippling like ocean,

Cheeks where tints of the rose at the will went and came,

Dark eyes that gave token of every emotion,

. And melted to softness, or kindled to flame.

Yet her beauty to me lacked a touch of the tender; She seemed all of marble, cold, cruel, and fair,

As her neatly gloved fingers, long, shapely, and slender, Unconsciously moving, beat time to the air

Which the tenor sang—"La donne e mobile."

And much the face haunted me; not from its beauty, Though fair to a wonder; but since, deeply lined,

I saw in it selfishness, blindness to duty,

That filled me with pain as I brought it to mind.

And hence a month after, when sudden they called me To aid a sick child—to be there when it died.

For croup mocks at art—'twas the same face appalled me That shocked me before with its coldness and pride.

The mother there suddenly summoned from pleasure,

Arrayed in her satins and laces she stood, Not dazed, as a person who loses a treasure.

But stony in aspect, and careless of mood.

To woe, if she felt it, too proud to surrender,

Well-bred, cold and calm, with a self-possessed air.

As when her gloved fingers, long, shapely and slender,

Unconsciously moving, beat time to the air While the tenor sang—"La donne e mobile."

She turned to me coldly, and thanked me for service Well-meaning though useless, and bent o'er the child,

Twitched its damp, tangled hair with a clutch cold and nervous,

Threw quickly around her a glance keen and wild,

Then swept from the chamber, naught farther revealing— When said the old nurse in half-whisper to me, "She was always a woman without any feeling,
And ne'er loved that baby, you plainly may see;
But not so the father—he fairly adored it;
He'll be wild with despair when its death he is told."
I sharply rebuked her. "Sir, I can afford it,"
She answered, "that you should esteem me too bold;
But it's true what I tell you, let who will defend her;
Her pleasure abroad, not her home, is her care."
Then I thought of the fingers, long, shapely, and slender,
Unconsciously making response to the air

When the tenor sang-"La donne e mobile." They open the hall door—is that, then, the father? Death waits for a visit from vigorous life. No! strangers! What's that from the whispers I gather? "At the club with a razor"—" Break slow to his wife." On disaster there evermore follows disaster-Wide open the portals! give way in the hall! The mansion receives for the last time its master; For the second time Death at the house makes a call. A shriek! on the stairway a figure descending, Glides and falls on the litter there, reckless and wild-"Oh, Richard! oh, Clara! and this is the ending! Lost! lost! and forever, my husband and child!" In the street you may hear where each gaping one lingers, A dismal hand-organ-strange notes for despair! Lift her up from the corpse. Ah! those long shapely fingers Nevermore in this world will beat time to the air Which the organ plays-"La donne e mobile." Thomas Dunn English.

THE MANIAC.

STAY, jailer! stay, and hear my woe,
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now too well I know,
And what I was—and what should be!
I'll rave no more in proud despair—
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell!
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! jailer, haste that fate to tell!
Oh! haste my father's heart to cheer;
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know, though chained a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn—he turns the key—
He quits the grate—I knelt in vain!
His glimmering lamp still, still I see—
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold!—no warmth, no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained, this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no—not mad!

'Tis sure some dream—some vision vain!
What! I—the child of rank and wealth—
Am I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends, and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart, how burns my head
But 'tis not mad! it is not mad!

Hast thou, my child, forgot ere this
A parent's face, a parent's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with her you sued to stay;
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thoughts away;
They'll make me mad; they'll make me mad!

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled!

His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone!

None ever bore a lovelier child,

And art thou now forever gone?

And must I never see thee more,

My pretty, pretty, pretty lad?

I will be free! unbar the door!

I am not mad! I am not mad!

Oh, hark! what mean those yells and cries?

His chain some furious madman breaks;

He comes,—I see his glaring eyes;

Now, now, my dungeon-grate he shakes.

Help! Help!—He's gone —Oh, fearful woe,

Such screams to hear, such sights to see!

My brain, my brain,—I know, I know

I am not mad, but soon shall be.

Yes, soon;—for, lo yon!—while I speak,—
Mark how yon demon's eyeballs glare!
He sees me; now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror!—the reptil: strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart, so crushed and sad;
Ay, laugh, ye fiends;—I feel the truth;
Your task is done,—I'M MAD! I'M MAD!

Matthew Gregory Lewis.

A PIECE OF RED CALICO.

I was going into town the other morning, when my wife handed me a little piece of red calico, and asked me if I would have time, during the day, to buy her two yards and a half of calico like that. I assured her that it would be no trouble at all, and putting the piece of calico in my pocket, I took the train for the city.

At lunch time I stopped in at a large dry-goods store to attend to my wife's commission. I saw a welldressed man walking the floor between the counters, where long lines of girls were waiting on much longer lines of customers, and asked him where I could see some red calico.

"This way, sir," and he led me up the store. "Miss Stone," said he to a young lady, "show this gentleman some red calico."

"What shade do you want?" asked Miss Stone.

I showed her the little piece of calico that my wife had given me. She looked at it and handed it back to me, then she took down a great roll of red calico and spread it out on the counter.

"Why, that isn't the shade!" said I.

"No, not exactly," said she, "but it is prettier than your sample."

"That may be," said I; "but, you see, I want to match this piece. There is something already made of this kind of calico, which needs to be made larger, or mended, or something. I want some calico of the same shade."

The girl made no answer, but took down another roll.

"That's the shade," said she.

"Yes," I replied, "but it's striped."

"Stripes are more worn than anything else in calicoes," said she.

"Yes, but this isn't to be worn. It's for furniture, I think. At any rate, I want perfectly plain stuff, to match something already in use."

"Well, I don't think you can find it perfectly plain, unless you get Turkey red."

"What is Turkey red?" I asked.

"Turkey red is perfectly plain in calicoes," she answered.

"Well, let me see some."

"We haven't any Turkey red calico left," she said, "but we have some very nice plain calicoes in other colors."

"I don't want any other color, I want stuff to match this."

"It's hard to match cheap calico like that," she said, and so I left her.

I next went into a store a few doors further up Broadway. When I entered I approached the "floorwalker," and handing him my sample, said:

"Have you any calico like this?"

"Yes, sir," said he. "Third counter to the right."

I went to the third counter to the right, and showed my sample to the salesman in attendance there. He looked at it on both sides. Then he said:

"We haven't any of this."

"That gentleman said you had," said I.

"We had it, but we're out of it now. You'll get that goods at an upholsterer's."

I went across the street to an upholsterer's.

- "Have you any stuff like this?" I asked.
- "No," said the salesman. "We haven't. Is it for furniture?"
 - "Yes," I replied.
 - "Then Turkey red is what you want."
 - "Is Turkey red just like this?" I asked.
 - "No," said he; "but it's much better."
- "That makes no difference to me," I replied. "I want something just like this."
 - "But they don't use that for furniture," he said.
- "I should think people could use anything they wanted for furniture!" I remarked, somewhat sharply.
- "They can, but they don't," he said, quite calmly. "They don't use red like that. They use Turkey red."

I said no more, but left. The next place I visited was a very large dry-goods store. Of the first salesman I saw I inquired if they kept red calico like my sample.

"You'll find that on the second story," said he.

I went up-stairs. There I asked a man:

"Where will I find red calico?"

"In the far room to the left. Right over there." And he pointed to a distant corner.

I walked through the crowd of purchasers and salespeople, and around the counters and tables filled with goods, to the far room to the left. When I got there I asked for red calico.

"The second counter down this side," said the man.

I went there and produced my sample. "Calicoes down-stairs," said the man.

"They told me they were up here," I said.

"Not these plain goods. You'll find 'em down-stairs at the back of the store, over on that side."

I went down-stairs to the back of the store.

"Where will I find red calico like this?" I asked.

"Next counter but one," said the man addressed, walking with me in the direction pointed out. "Dunn, show red calicoes."

Mr. Dunn took my sample and looked at it.

"We haven't this shade in that quality of goods," he said.

"Well, have you it in any quality of goods?" I asked.

"Yes, we've got it finer," and he took down a piece of calico, and unrolled a yard or two of it on the counter.

"That's not the shade," I said.

"No," said he. "The goods is finer and the color's better."

"I want to match this," I said.

"I thought you weren't particular about the match," said the salesman. "You didn't care for the quality of the goods, and you know you can't match goods without you take into consideration quality and color both. If you want that quality of goods in red you ought to get Turkey red."

I did not think it necessary to answer this remark, but said

"Then you've got nothing to match this?"

"No, sir, But perhaps they may have it in the upholstery department, in the sixth story."

So I got in the elevator and went up to the top of the house.

"Have you any red stuff like this?" I said to a young man.

"Red stuff? Upholstery department—other end of this floor."

I went to the other end of the floor.

"I want some red calico," I said to a man.

"Furniture goods?" he asked.

"Yes," said I.

"Fourth counter to the left."

I went to the fourth counter to the left, and showed my sample to a salesman. He looked at it and said:

"You'll get this down on the first floor—calico department."

I turned on my heel, descended in the elevator, and went out on Broadway. I was thoroughly sick of red calico. But I determined to make one more trial. My wife had bought her red calico not long before, and there must be some to be had somewhere. I ought to have asked her where she bought it, but I thought a simple little thing like that could be bought anywhere.

I went into another large dry-goods store. As I entered the door a sudden tremor seized me. I could not bear to take out that piece of red calico. If I had had any other kind of a rag about me—a penwiper or anything of the sort—I think I would have asked them if they could match that.

But I stepped up to a young woman and presented my sample, with the usual question.

"Back room, counter on the left," she said.

I went there.

"Have you any red calico like this?" I asked of the lady behind the counter.

"No, sir," she said; "but we have it in Turkey red."

Turkey red again! I surrendered.

"All right," I said, "give me Turkey red."

"How much, sir?" she asked.

"I don't know,-say five yards."

The lady looked at me rather strangely, but measured off five yards of Turkey red calico. Then she rapped on the counter and called out "cash!" A little girl, with yellow hair in two long plaits, came slowly up. The lady wrote the number of yards, the name of the goods, her own number, the price, the amount of the bank-note I handed her, and some other matters, probably the color of my eyes, and the direction and velocity of the wind, on a slip of paper. She then copied all this in a little book which she kept by her. Then she handed the slip of paper, the money, and the Turkey red to the yellow-haired girl. This young girl copied the slip in a little book she carried, and then she went away with the calico, the paper slip, and the money.

After a long time—during which the girl probably took the goods, the money, and the slip to some central desk, where the note was received, its amount and number entered in a book, change given to the girl, a copy of the slip made and entered, girl's entry exam-

ined and approved, goods wrapped up, girl registered, plaits counted and entered on a slip of paper and copied by the girl in her book, girl taken to a hydrant and washed, number of towels entered on a paper slip and copied by the girl in her book, value of my note, and amount of change branded somewhere on the child, and said process noted on a slip of paper and copied in her book—the girl came to me, bringing my change and the package of Turkey red calico.

I had time for but very little work at the office that afternoon, and when I reached home I handed the package of calico to my wife. She unrolled it and exclaimed:

"Why, this don't match the piece I gave you?"

"Match it!" I cried. "Oh, no! it don't match it-You didn't want that matched. You were mistaken. What you wanted was Turkey red—third counter to the left. I mean Turkey red is what they use."

My wife looked at me in amazement, and then I detailed to her my troubles.

"Well," said she, "this Turkey red is a great deal prettier than what I had, and you've got so much of it, that I needn't use the other at all. I wish I had thought of Turkey red before."

"I wish from my heart you had," I said.—Andrew Scroggin.

STREET CRIES. LAMENT OF A DISTRACTED CITIZEN.

AS RECITED BY MARSHALL P. WILDER.

THE Englishman's waked by the lark,
A-singing far up in the sky;
But a damsel with wheel-baritone,
Pitched fearfully high,
Like a lark in the sky,
Wakes me with a screech
Of "Horse Red-dee-ee-cech!"

The milkman, he crows in the morn,
And then the street cackle begins:

Junk-man with cow-bells, and fish-man with horn,
And venders of brushes and pins,
And menders of tubs and of tins.

"Wash-tubs to mend! Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! who will deliverance send?
Hark! that girl is beginning her screech,—
"Horse—""—tubs" "Ripe peach—"

Then there's "O-ranges," "Glass toputin,"
And bagpipes, and peddlars, and shams;
The hand-organizer is mixing his din
With "Strawber—" "Nice sof' clams!"
"Wash-tubs to mend," "Tin-ware to mend!"
Oh! heaven deliverance send!
I'd swear, if it wasn't a sin,
By "—any woo-ood?" "Glass toputin!"

"Ice-cream!" I'm sure that you do!
And madly the whole town is screaming.
"Pie-apples!" "Shedders!" "Oysters!" and "Blue
Berries!" with "Hot'corn all steaming!"

"Umbrell's to mend!"—My head to mend!
How swiftly I'd like to send
To—somewhere—this rackety crew,
That keep such a cry and a hue
Of "Hot—" "Wash-tubs!" and "PopCorn-balls!"—Oh! corn-bawler stop!

From morning till night the street's full of hawkers
Of "North River shad!" and "Ba-nan-i-yoes!"
Of men and women and little girl squawkers—

"Ole hats and boots! Ole clo'es!"

"Times, Tribune, and Worruld!"

"Here's yer Morning Hurrold!"

What a confounded din
Of "Horse red—" "—to put in!"

"Ripe—" "Oysters," and "Potatoes—" "to mend!"
Till the watchman's late whistle comes in at the end.

Edward Eggleston.

THE EMIGRANTS.*

"Why, sure, then, Phil Connor, 'tis you, an' no other,
My own uncle's son, that I see standin' here!
And what in the wide world brings you on the say, man?
'Twas your weddin', avick, that I danced at last year.
Well, well, 'tis surprised that I am now to meet ye;
I little thought, sailing from England to-day,
That you'd be my comrade across the big ocean.
Why, Phil, dear! what's ailin'? 'Heart sorrow,' ye say?
Come away an' sit down." While the crowds on deck gathered,

Cork Harbor fades fast from their wet, strainin' eves.

*This poem will have for the reader a special interest in the fact that it was accepted by Charlotte Cushman for her readings, and, having failed to reach the public through that medium by the illness and death of the great artist, is offered here.—Appleton's Journal.

Till the gold of the gorse and the purple of heather Melt into the mist of the soft evenin' skies:

"My poor boy! I see 'tis the trouble that's on ye; Sit closer, alannah! 'Tis many's the day

Since we two wild gossoons had our frolics together—
Aye, we've both found, since then, that life isn't all play.

Don't mind that wild cryin', 'tis only a colleen,

That's parted from them that she loves best on earth,

An' the craythur beside her, that's sobbin' and moanin', Has left the poor weans on a motherless hearth.

Has left the poor weans on a motherless hearth.

They're in bitter black grief, Phil, but comfort is comin',

They're in bitter black grief, Phil, but comfort is comin', An' bright days for all, far out there in the west;

Now tell me, ma bouchal, while seated here quiet,

What brings the big sighs swellin' up from yer breast?"

"Then wait a bit, Ned, till my last look I've taken,

Till wet eyes and sore heart bid farewell to my home, Och, sorrowful land! where with wrongs an' with heart-break

We're driven far, far from the green sod to roam!

O Ireland, mayourneen! 'twas fair that God made ye,

An' ye smiled in his face like a bright darlin' child, But man with his creeds an' his factions has torn ye,

An' turned all your joy into grief deep an' wild.

Blow fresh round my breast, coolin' breezes of ocean; Take back to my country my heart's farewell sigh—

Ohone! for my young days, my years of vain strivin',

For a home while I lived, for a grave when I die!

There, Ned! May God save you from suppin' the sorrow That's filled up my lot since the day we last met.

Grip my hand, avick, may be 'twill slacken the heart-strings To feel there's a friend in the world for me yet.

Sure ye know, Ned, 'twas well off we were when I married, For me father (God rest him!) had worked like a slave!

And the farm so long with us, he'd well-nigh forgotten
That never an acre his own was to lave.

And the land was so kindly, Ned, payin' our labor
With the rich bloomin' yield to the spade and the scythe,

An' the cattle, the craythurs, knee-deep in the pasture, Ev'ry one of them knew Nora's milkin'-call blithe. It is dramin' I was, Ned; sure twilight is fallin';
'Twas a hot sun, an' mowin' was heavy to-day;

But I'm rested now, lyin' in the big oak's cool shadow—
There's her milkin'-song!—Here Nora, cushla, this way!

Give me hold of the milk-pails, ma colleen, they're heavy To your little hands, mavrone; mine feel them light.

Come away for our stroll through the sweet, new-mown meadow; 'Tis long till the sky shows the slow-comin' night."

"God help ye, poor gossoon! Tut, tut, now, take heart, man; Sure we're here on the ship; see the big sails all set!

Lift your eyes, asthore, up where the bright stars are shinin', An' tellin' ye dark days will wear away yet."

"Aye, Ned, I was wanderin' far back to the evenin', The black sorrow track'd down by Nora and me;

And the thrush and the black-bird their vespers were singin', And never a sign of the grief could we see.

So happy we turned to our own little cottage—

Our own?—my lord's bailiff stood dark'nin' the door: 'I've news for you, Connor—not good news, I'm fearin',

For your lease I think's out, the old landlord's no more.

And the new heir, just come back from foreign parts, tells me Higher rents to his lordship a stranger assures.

Yes, I know it seems hard to loose all, but 'twas foolish Improving the land that could never be yours.'

'Twas done, Ned! the hope that had given us the courage; In vain the poor father's whole life-time of toil;

For us he had spent every penny he'd gathered In buildin' the barns and in bett'rin' the soil.

We were thankful that he wasn't livin' to see it—
That day we turned sadly to leave the dear nest;

But, och, Ned, my mother! the gray head down droopin'!

I knew it was burstin' the heart in her breast.

Well, it was her last sorrow—she mourned so and faded, Though in Nora's old home a warm welcome we'd found;

But the last tie that kept her among us was broken—

When spring came, the kind heart lay cold in the ground! She called us that last day, Ned: 'Childre, dear, mind nie; 'Tis useless you clingin' so fond to the soil;

There's a better home waitin' ye over the ocean: Go there, darlin's, out o' this heart-break and moil. And ye'll lay me in Cairne, where my people are buried; On the slope o' the green nill the grave-yard is made; 'Twill be sweeter an' quieter there, my long slumber, Than down by the chapel, so cold in the shade.' In the fresh April mornin' the neighbors all gathered To walk with us up through the hills to the grave; Sure 'tis all fresh before me, the skylark's clear singing, The hawthorne and primrose new-blossomed and brave. And the air! 'twas God's breath, just life-givin' and tender, The soft kisses coolin' our tear-smartin' eyes: The wail of the 'Keene,' it drew up an' softened, And hushed it far up 'twixt the hills an' the skies. So we came through the dew an' the sweet-smellin' briers, Till we stood at the old grave-yard's moss-covered stile. Where the priest in his vestments was standing to meet us-But the gate wasn't open-we waited awhile; For you mind, Ned, it isn't our people's, that grave-yard, Though the kin of my mother for years back lay there; Would ve think, now, that man could make laws for his brother. Denvin' his right earth's last shelter to share? But there as we stood under God's blessed heaven. Up the hill my lord's brother, the rector, rode fast, And unlockin' the gate, he stood guard close beside it. Till we, bearin' the coffin, within it had passed. 'You may lay your dead here,' he said, 'so much we'll grant you: But your priest must not enter-outside of the gate His prayers must be said. Close the grave up now, sexton: You may go, men; my church for its morning prayers waits.' Ave. Ned, you may well cry out loud in your scornin', That we're bitter an' wild and revengeful, 'tis true; But they that come here, better manners to teach us. Lave the Saviour's words out of their lesson-books too!

We knelt on the sod round the gray-headed priest, Ned,
And prayed to the Father that pities the poor;
And the broken voice chanted the Lord's Pater Noster—
No gate between it and God's ear, I make sure!

Well, ma bouchal, my story is ended. Poor Nora Is left with her mother. I've worked hard all spring, But the courage had left me; 'twas just like a robin, Its nest tryin' to build with a poor broken wing. And ma colleen at first begged so hard to come with me, But I showed her the hardships I surely must bear, Till at last she seemed willin' to wait till I'd made her A home that I'd bring her with joy out to share." "And indeed, my own darlin', 'twas simple ye wor, sure," Cried a voice in his ear while two arms hugged him tight, "To think I'd rest aisy at home wid me mother, An' you in the wide, lonely world-me heart's light! Och, Phil! sure, achorra machree, I but waited, And watched ye until ye wor fairly away; Thin me mother, 'twixt laughin' and cryin', just helped me To pack up an' follow you here to the say! An' she told me to bring ye (along wid her blessin' An' the few pounds she spared) the true heart of a wife; Such that's all your own, Phil! you never need lave it-Wherever we go, you're its 'tenant for life!'" M. Despard.

PADDY'S REFLECTIONS ON CLEOPATHE-RA'S NEEDLE.

So that's Cleopathera's Needle, bedad, An' a quare lookin' needle it is, I'll be bound; What a powerful muscle the queen must have had That could grasp such a weapon an' wind it around!

Imagine her sittin' there stitchin' like mad
With a needle like that in her hand! I declare
It's as big as the Round, Tower of Slane, an', bedad,
It would pass for a round tower, only it's square!

The taste of her, ordherin' a needle of granite!

Begorra, the sight of it sthrikes me quite dumb!

An' look at the quare sort of figures upan it;

I wondher can these be the thracks of her thumb?

I once was astonished to hear of the faste Cleopathera made upon pearls; but now I declare, I would not be surprised in the laste If ye told me the woman had swallowed a cow!

It's aisy to see why bould Cæsar should quail
In her presence an' meekly submit to her rule;
Wid a weapon like that in her fist I'll go bail
She could frighten the sowl out of big Finn MacCool!

But, Lord, what poor pigmies the women are now,
Compared with the monsthers they must have been then!
Whin the darlin's in those days would kick up a row,
Holy smoke, but it must have been hot for the men!

Just think how a chap that goes courtin' would start
If his girl was to prod him wid that in the shins!
I have often seen needles, but bouldly assart
That the needle in front of me there takes the pins!

O, sweet Cleopathera! I'm sorry you're dead;
An' whin lavin' this wonderful needle behind
Had ye thought of bequathin' a spool of your thread
An' yer thimble an' scissors, it would have been kind.

But pace to your ashes, ye plague of great men, Yer strenth is departed, yer glory is past; Ye'll nivir wield sceptre or needle again, An' a poor little asp did yer bizness at last!

Cormac O'Leary.

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